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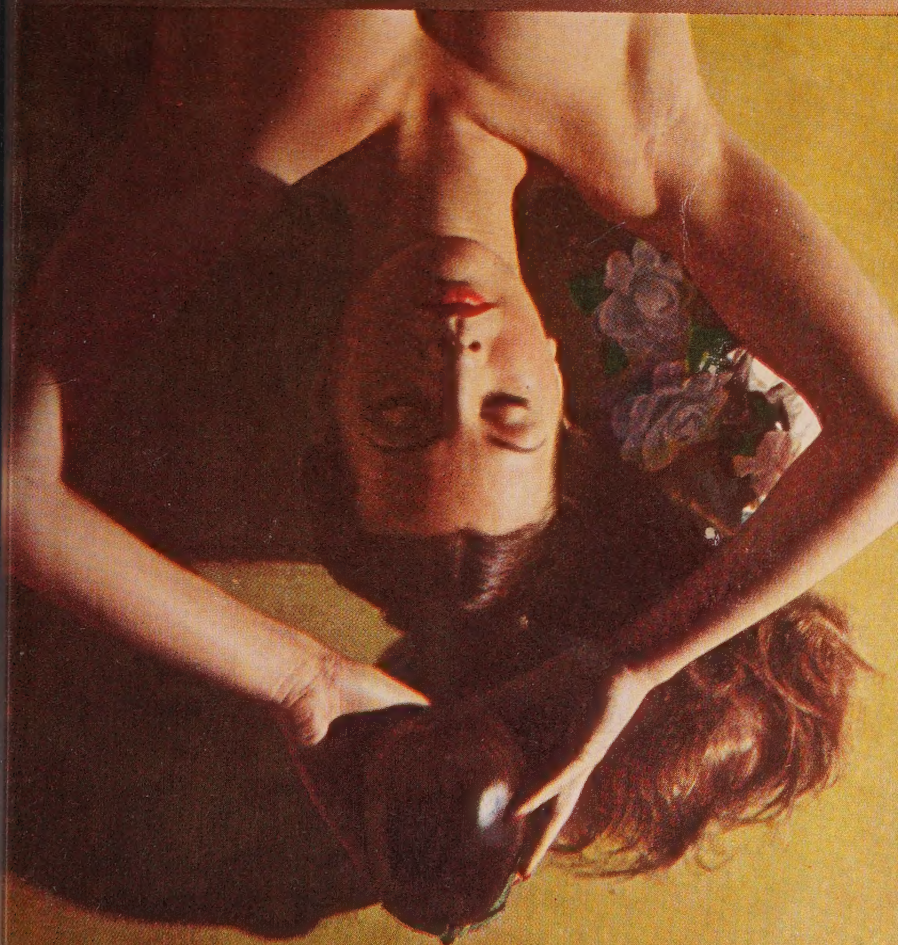
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the Magazine of the Year



JOHN GUNTHER: THE 64 WHO RUN U.S.A.

Norman R. Atwood



THE CARDPLAYERS

See The Caustic Art of Jack Levine, page 52

Painting by Jack Levine

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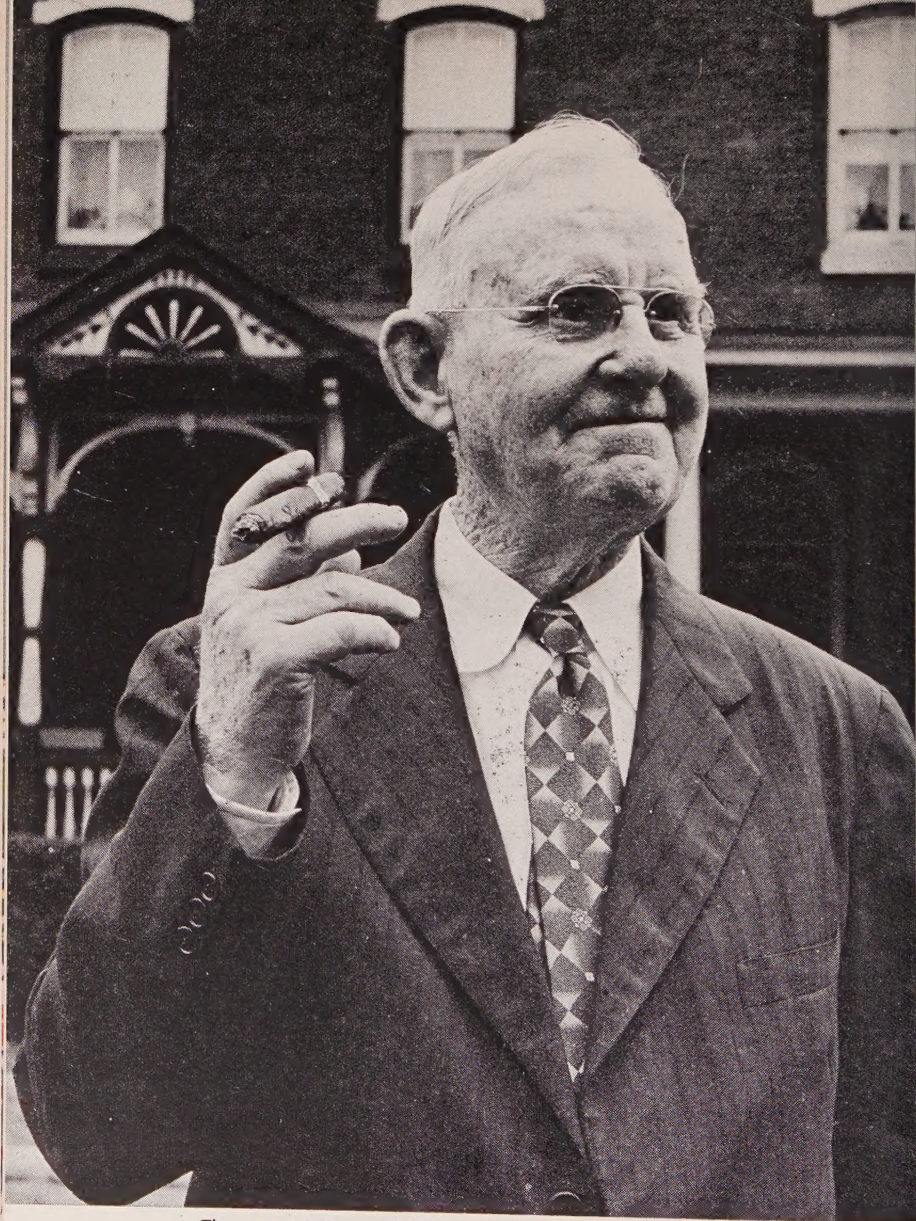
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The young fellows call themselves "Division Committeemen", but old Joe Haggerty doesn't object to "ward heeler"

WARD HEELER

Joe Haggerty is an important man—for political machines can't run without cogs

by Morris Markey

Photographs by William Vandivert

IF YOUR DESTINY should ever call you to live in the City of Philadelphia, and if you should find a house out in the northeastern fringes of that city, in the Oxford Avenue district, it is certain that one of your very first visitors would be a round little Irishman with thin gray hair and a soft persuasive voice. His quiet smile would invoke your hospitality, and you would surely invite him to come in and sit in the best chair.

Perhaps a little to your astonishment he would know all about you: your name, and where you came from, how many were in your family, and what you did to earn a living. He would tell you that his own name was Joe Haggerty, at your service—and in a subtle sort of way he would convey that there was a considerable

variety of things he could do for you, one way and another. Furthermore, he would make no bones whatever about the highly practical nature of his friendship. His own interest would be to see that you were safely tucked up and ready for delivery, come high or low, to the Republican Party.

For Joe Haggerty is a ward heeler. The modern young fellows in his line of work wince at that name, as if at a crude epithet. They call themselves Division Committeemen. But Joe is an old timer. He has been a ward heeler for fifty years. He would be shocked and indignant if anybody were even to suggest that bringing a ward to heel on behalf of The Party was not a useful and praiseworthy enterprise.

As we Americans become con-

scious of the political forces that struggle for control of our daily lives, we display the tendency, often found in bright pupils, to skip the early pages of the book because they seem so simple. Few are wise enough to turn back to Lesson One on Page One. It tells us, in words so obvious as to appear dull, that government is not a theory, but a performance by men. Democracy is not a magical word but a machinery of management, dozens of times more complex than any dictatorship. The components of the machinery are quite ordinary human beings. So the easiest way to find out how the machinery operates is not to look at the United Nations, or Washington, or even beneath the dome of the state Capitol. Simply look across the street. If we hope

ever to understand world events, we must first understand neighborhood events.

Even in an era when undertones of graft and political corruption are accepted as the inescapable facts of life in municipal government, Philadelphia has a special reputation along that line. Begin with the city's drinking water, in which healthy trout curl up and die of the miseries, and wander through the mazes of the ancient city hall—and you will come out with a catalogue of venalities unmatched in our fair land, save perhaps by Chicago or Boston. Joe Haggerty works within the system which produces this lugubrious state of affairs. But the curious, the fascinating thing is this: Joe Haggerty is a citizen of impeccable personal honor and

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BOSS FLYNN ON POLITICS

I am a practical politician. I know the facts of political life. I know that political machines, far from being anachronisms, are as modern as the combustion engine—and as indispensable. I know that urban social planning that ignores machines is as unrealistic as social planning that ignores the presence of the automobile. I know that fighting "bad" machines with hastily slapped-together "fusion" tickets is as futile as expecting civilian soldiers with only three months training to win a long war. And I also know that wherever the majority of voters work actively inside a political machine, you have a machine that represents the voters. It is as simple as that.

—Edward J. Flynn

From *You're the Boss* (Viking), to be published this month

honesty. Sixty-two years of age and all, he would lather with his shillelah the villain so bold as to suggest that Joe Haggerty was the tool of cynical and greedy men.

Philadelphia is prime ground for political acrobatics—particularly for the grubby *quid pro quo* which is the essence of ward politics everywhere. The city has a population nearly one fourth that of New York, yet its annual budget of \$100,000,000 is only one tenth that of New York. Why? Because Philadelphia is a city of home owners rather than apartment renters. Even the industrial workingmen own their homes. Therefore the taxes which feed the city treasury are laid directly against the citizen, not hidden in the rent bill of an apartment house landlord. It is axiomatic that the payer of direct taxes will fight his eyes out to prevent increased assessments. And so, in Philadelphia, when interest on bonded debt is paid and costs of the police and fire departments are met, there is only about \$50,000,000 left to run the third largest American city.

In such an economic climate, where every pennyworth of municipal benefit is precious to the countless individuals and neighborhoods which clamor for it, the facts of government dwell very close to the citizens themselves—

in the grass roots, so to speak, of the city wards.

There are fifty-two wards in Philadelphia. Each ward is further subdivided into Divisions containing somewhere between 700 and 1,300 registered voters. The major parties have each a full-scale organization which reaches its tendrils into even the most unlikely bystreet of the most obscure Division. Each has a team of two ward heelers (perhaps we should be polite and call them Committeemen) in each of the 1,352 Divisions. Joe Haggerty is one member of the Republican team in the Thirteenth Division of the Twenty-Third Ward. That is to say, he is one of the 2,704 Republican ward heelers in the city.

He was not appointed to this job by some jut-jawed princeling of the Party. On the contrary he was duly elected to it, by free and independent citizens, in the regular primary elections—a job with no salary attached, for a two-year term. The last time Joe had an opponent in such an election the poor chap got four votes against Joe's 471.

The handsome processes of democracy, beginning with Joe's election by a free people, proceed upward from his humble estate in the Party hegemony to the selection of the Ward Leader himself.

They do in theory, at least. The Leader, a real power in municipal politics, is chosen by the Division Committeemen in solemn congress assembled. But it cannot be truly

said that this choice is made without suggestions from Downtown. And, to the ward heeler, a suggestion from Downtown is law.

Eight years ago, there was a



surging of new blood in the Twenty-Third Ward. Old Man Hardt had been Ward Leader for nearly twenty-five years, but along came energetic and ambitious Dave

Jamieson to challenge him. Dave had been a Marine in France in 1918, and had become an active figure in the American Legion. He also had a small table-condiment business, but as he progressed in the Legion to County Chairman and the offer of a modest government job he gave up his commercial pursuits. Downtown tapped him for leadership of the Twenty-Third, where he had lived in a small, pleasant house for most of his life.

Joe Haggerty had always been a loyal and devoted friend to Old Man Hardt. Then the word came from Downtown. The lights of his own particular code of loyalties comforted him in the emergency. He went to see Dave Jamieson. First he shook his head sadly. Then he shook Dave's hand. "If Downtown says you're the Leader, then you're the Leader," he said. He cast his vote as ordered and from that moment, without ever looking backward, he was Dave Jamieson's man.

With mechanical and tireless devotion of that sort standing behind him in his ward, Dave Jamieson has made progress. He was



When a neighbor's in trouble, Joe (left) is his friend in court. He also speeds building permits, locates playgrounds, and finds bondsmen for smashup cases.



Joe (left) buttonholes a home owner on a typical, respectable, 23rd Ward street.

first appointed Deputy Secretary for Revenue of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, then Deputy City Treasurer of Philadelphia. Now he is one of the city's twenty-two Councilmen. The salary of \$5,000 a year is not an opulent one. But opportunities for bigger jobs constantly unfold ahead of Dave—for a simple reason: the Twenty-Third Ward is an industrial region, peopled by wage earners of many races. Poles and Italians are predominant, but there is a large set-

tlement of Negroes, too. Until Dave took over and, with the help of men like Joe, really got the organization rolling, it was only natural for the Twenty-Third to return a Democratic majority at the elections. Now it is solidly Republican. At the last election, the Twenty-Third turned in 12,310 Republican votes against 8,213 for the Democrats. Dave Jamieson is a success.

His success is due to Joe Haggerty and to the seventy-three

other ward heelers something like Joe Haggerty whom Dave directs, and guides, and encourages, day in and day out, in a ceaseless political campaign.

"How did you get into politics, Joe?"

A simple, disarming smile. A faint suggestion of self-consciousness. "Well, my father was always talking politics down in the South Philadelphia ward where I was born. Then my two older brothers started going to the meetings and making speeches and such. So I came by it natural, you might say." The self-consciousness was touched by a glow of pink in his open, curiously innocent face: "Then I always sort of liked to be out with the people, knowing them, you see, and helping them out whenever I could."

He went through the Eighth Grade at school, and by the time he was thirteen he was doing a grown man's job in his father's business, which had to do with flour barrels and sugar barrels. The very year he voted first, he became a ward heeler down in that old home ward, and then he went on to make a modest success in the hauling business. During the flush years of Prohibition, money came easily, and soon he moved out of the old South ward, up to the brand-new Twenty-Third.

But when his savings evaporated along with so many other men's savings in 1933, Joe had to get a job. So he got a job with the city—his first political job—and he has one now. He is a messenger for valuables in the office of the City Treasurer, and he makes \$2,600 a year. But he still has the home in the Twenty-Third that he bought in the good days. And he still has something that passes for an automobile. He would be lost without the automobile.

"What do you have to do, Joe, being a Division Committeeman?"

"Good Lord, what don't I have to do? Up all hours of the day and night."

"Doing what?"

"Why, getting people out of trouble!"

Joe knows everybody, quite literally, within the twelve city blocks of his Division. He walks the streets to an incessant chorus of, "Hello, Joe!" The children think he is the Mayor of Philadelphia. The housewives lean from the windows to wish him the best of the day. And why shouldn't they? He has got their children and their husbands out of trouble more times than one. The men, coming home from work, stop and chat with him. And why shouldn't they? Isn't it Joe who can take care of things when the city or-

ders an expensive curb repaired instantly? Isn't it Joe who sees that nobody's tax assessment is higher than his neighbor's?

Do not assume that Joe Haggerty is an amiable neighborhood character, followed by tolerant, knowing chuckles as he wanders

along the street. Quite the contrary. He is a very busy fellow, and instantly recognized as an important one. For to the people of his Division, he is government in the flesh: tolerant and helpful government, ready to intercede with sterner and less understand-

The 23rd was a Democratic bailiwick until Ward Boss Dave Jamieson took over. His



ing elements of government should they become unduly interested in his people.

He calls at every household in the Division two or three times a year—Republican and Democratic alike—partly to spread the doctrine of The Party, and partly to

know what's going on around the firesides. He chauffeurs people to the polls on registration day and on election day, filling his ramshackle car with them. He knows which Democrats need only a little more persuasion to shift over and become admirable Republi-

secret: lending a sympathetic ear to constituents in the ward shack every Monday.





When the problem is too big for Joe, he takes his man in to see Dave Jamieson (right)

cans. He knows when, almost to the hour, each youngster in the Division will reach the magic age of twenty-one.

And he is always on call.

"Last Christmas Eve, it was now, and near two o'clock in the morning, when the phone rings. The poor woman was crying fit to rend you, and couldn't say rightly what was troubling her. So I says, 'Go ahead,' I says, 'have your good cry out now, and then tell me what it is the matter.' So she did, me holding the phone and listening to the sobbing of her.

"Her husband it was. Out on a Christmas Eve tear, and into a fight, and they had him away over in West Philadelphia at the police station.

"It was a slippery night, very cold. I drove all the way over there, and found it was a terrible thing. Do you know what the man had done? He had fought with the cop! He had ripped the buttons off the coat of the cop! Oh my goodness!

"I had an awful time persuading the desk sergeant and the cop to let him go. Of course, I said he would pay for fixing the coat, but then I had a time making the miserable fellow apologize to the cop, and a worse time making him leave a couple of dollars so they could buy themselves a drink.

Then all the way home I had to drive him on that terrible slippery night, and turn him over to his wife, still crying and sobbing away."

"Suppose, Joe, you had cracked up your car that slippery night. Who would have paid to repair it? The Party?"

He looked utterly astonished. "The Party? They don't even buy the gas. But I haven't told you the worst of the story yet. The ungrateful booger moved out of me ward just six weeks before election day!"

Joe gets home from his job at City Hall downtown rather early in the afternoon. There are always telephone calls waiting for him, and often somebody waiting on his stoop. He spends the rest of the day, and often half the night, fixing things for people: Getting this one excused from jury service, getting that one's hearing on some minor infraction postponed in Magistrates Court, getting a property owner to release a vacant lot so the kids can play ball, rushing through a building permit for improvements on a home, getting bail bondsmen for people involved in automobile accidents. The catalogue of services, small and great, is of an endless variety.

When he must intercede with a magistrate or judge, he does not

make a political appeal at all. He manages to see the judge privately, and his argument is always a humanitarian one: "This is a good man. He has three little children and a wife at home. Whether it was his fault or not, he'll do the right thing. If you'll release him in my custody, I'll see that he's here whenever you want him. . . ."

There is no vainglory in his voice even when he says, "The Democratic judges will give me a man as often as the Republican ones. Nobody wants to persecute people."

Every Monday night, Joe is on hand at seven o'clock when Dave Jamieson opens the little shack which is Republican Headquarters for the Ward. A crowd will be there—waiting to see Jamieson—wanting something from the city, or wanting to avoid some penalty the city has imposed.

Joe will take his knottiest problems, the ones he cannot solve with plain common sense or by calling up the right man downtown, in to Jamieson's Monday session. For a couple of hours the little building seethes with the troubled citizens and their committeemen, getting things fixed.

It would be a mistake to conclude that this process of manifold fixing is, in itself, an evil or corrupt thing. The plain fact of

the matter is that the confused citizen is often on the right side of things, both legally and morally. Something has happened—a bill from some city department, a summons for something or other, a disagreement with an official or with a fellow citizen—which disturbs the peaceful routine of living. There is no clink of money to accompany the Monday night fixing at the Headquarters of the Twenty-Third Ward. It isn't that kind of bargain at all.

"What do you do it for, Joe? You don't get anything out of it. You haven't even got a very good job downtown."

"Well—you've got to belong to a party, haven't you? I belong to the Republican Party. I want to see it win, every election every year. Somebody's got to get out and work for that—make friends, make people understand why the Republican Party is the best in the land. I like it."

Joe plays his small but satisfying game of neighborhood politics just as another man plays golf or follows with painful hope the fortunes of the Philadelphia Phillies. When he says, "I don't get a dime out of it—maybe a political dinner two or three times a year, but not a dime of cash," you know he is speaking the truth.

Perhaps, alas, Joe Haggerty is



Like a dentist, and often more useful, Joe sees his neighbors at least twice a year.

an innocent abroad in a ruthless political scene wherein Joe Haggertys are infrequently met. One does not need to be naive simply because he likes Joe Haggerty as an honest man. Indeed, he is not as naive as all that himself. He looks

up with his blue eyes very clear. "I know what you're thinking," he says. "I wasn't born yesterday, either. But don't get the idea I'm the *only* straight man in this political business. I know some others." **END**

47 Footnote

SOME PHILADELPHIA STORIES

Philadelphians take a perverse pride in the mismanagement of their city. One of their favorite stories is of a street inspector who, returning home from his semi-monthly chore of collecting his pay at City Hall, stumbled in a hole in the street where he lived, sued the city for negligence, and collected.

Equally fantastic are tales of (1) a \$5,000,000 bridge across the Schuylkill River which stood idle for four years because the City Council failed to provide streets leading to it on either side; (2) three finished subways which remain sealed up because the city can't afford trains—and anyway they're in the wrong places.

Philadelphia's City Hall is perhaps the most gigantic traffic obstacle in world history. Its "brutal mass of marble" stands squarely at the intersection of the city's two most important streets. Started in 1871, it was opened for business thirty years later in an unfinished state, and was already outmoded and overcrowded.

Its decorations include a stirring eight-panel scene of a cat chasing a mouse around the south Broad Street entrance way. "The symbolism of this work as a multiplied ornament for a court of justice has not been explained," remarked a Philadelphia newspaper. "Perhaps the cat is the Building Commission, the hole a Ring, and the mouse the helpless tax-paying people it preys upon."

Pigeons in Philadelphia are so great a nuisance that defensive screens have been built around niches on the city's rococo office buildings. Last year the health authorities finally ordained their extermination, as disease-carriers. The police then sought a place where the birds habitually gathered in large numbers.

They found it right in the City Hall (not on it, but *in* it). Newspapers solemnly reported, and pictured, the police setting pigeon traps in a somnolent office of the Water Bureau. At latest count, the pigeon birthrate was well ahead of the police-imposed deathrate.

Two sayings that reflect the mood of Philadelphia elections:

Boss Joseph N. Pew, moneybags of the Philadelphia machine: "You can't get votes by advertising for them."

An anonymous ward heeler: "I can buy one vote for one pork chop."



Eglevsky's violent leaps in *Petrouchka*, the first modern or "psychological" ballet, depart radically from the traditional forms

BALLET, 1947

A preview for balletomanes

Two photographs by Gjon Mili

THE BALLET SEASON that opens this month, with all the traditional confusion of temperament and backstage politics, will combine restrained classicism with vigorous modernism. New forms which interpret the spirit and psychology of contemporary life have emerged since the great dance revival of the Thirties; meanwhile the graceful ballets of the 19th century have not lost their appeal. To capture the spirit of a swift-moving, colorful art, Gjon Mili uses his frozen-motion camera. It stops the exuberant barbarism of André Eglevsky as the Blackamoor in *Petrouchka*, first produced in 1911, and catches the fluidity of Alicia Markova's portrayal of the famous ballerina Taglioni in the 100-year-old *Pas de Quatre*.

Beginning at the right, Markova is seen in three stages of a formal *jeté* performed in the modern adaptation of the romantic ballet *Pas de Quatre*







Illustrations by David Fredenthal

THE THREE ASPECTS

A story set in New England

by Christopher La Farge

TO MRS. ARTHUR EVERARD the whole incident appeared anachronistic and obscure, although it was obviously picturesque. That an apparently ordinary country woman like Laura Pellett could have had the strength and determination to horsewhip her strong husband and then lock him up in a shed, was astonishing. That such a thing could occur in 1947 was both primitive and funny, while quite beyond any rational explanation that she could see. The somewhat sordid turnabout ending to the story merely made the whole matter more confusing.

"I guess that neither of us," Mrs. Everard said to her friend Mrs. Walters, "has sufficient knowledge of Rhode Island—or, for that matter, of New England—to have a key to these people anyway."

"No," said Mrs. Walters. "It's different from Virginia. Is Mrs. Pellett the one you get your milk from, that angular female?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Everard. "She's delivered the milk since we moved here in 1943, when Arthur first went to Quonset. Milk and eggs. Sometimes vegetables too. But she's always seemed very ordinary—a plain sort of woman, tall, but flat-chested, not a bit attractive, and kept herself very much to herself. The only odd thing about her was that she usually had her husband, Leroy, in the truck with her. It must have cut a whole lot of his working day. But anyway, there he sat. He never got out or I

never saw him do it. She herself made the deliveries. For a while I'd figured he was crippled or something."

"Was he?" asked Mrs. Walters.

"No, not a bit," Mrs. Everard said. "I've seen him since, a little closer, he's tall, looks well made, with dark hair. Not unattractive, a rather weak but humorous face. They have no children, I believe."

"How did you run into all this, then?"

"I drove over to the Pelletts' to see if they had any sweet corn. I'd forgotten to ask her in the morning when she was here. There wasn't anyone at the house—it was all locked up—and I heard a funny sort of noise from the barns and walked over toward them. There was a shed, it was padlocked shut and it had no window, and I could hear a man singing inside. He was singing. *What shall we do with the Drunken Sailor?*"

"Gosh!" said Mrs. Walters. "Go on!"

"Well, I knocked on the door and I asked him if Mrs. Pellett was home and he said, no, she wasn't, and would I look and see if the padlock on the door was really locked? I looked and it was. He said, 'Well, then there's nothing to do. My wife'll be home soon. She's got the key. You got any cigarettes?' I said I had and he said he'd certainly be obliged if I'd pass some under the door to him. I shoved my pack of cigarettes under and I asked him if he had matches and he said, 'Yes, I got some and I'm obliged to you. You just go back along now. Any message you'd like me to give her?' I told him of the corn and he said they had some and he'd see his wife brought some over in the morning. It was the damndest conversation. He didn't sound a bit angry or embarrassed, and he laughed—he actually laughed—and he said, 'Well, this is different than talking on the telephone, ain't it?' I had to laugh too. Then I left. As I was driving out, a woman who had been leaning on the fence—I guess she'd been watching the whole thing—waved at me and I stopped the car. Her name is Mrs. Cloud."

"Is that the fat woman that lives next door to the Pelletts?" Mrs. Walters asked. "The one they call Ma?"

"Yes. She's really monstrous, isn't she? She frightens me. When I'd stopped, she said, 'You been looking for Laura Pel-

lett?' I said I had. 'He still locked in that shed?' she asked me. I said there was a man there, I supposed it was Mr. Pellett. 'That's right,' she said. 'It's Leroy,' and she laughed, and went on. 'My guy!' she said—I love that expression—'My guy! you should have seen her take the whip to him!' 'Whip?' I said. 'Yes, indeed,' she said. 'She come home about noon and she seen him in the orchard talking to that young Sybilla Greene lives acrost the road, and she had this whip with her and she took the whip right to him. He never said a word, he just laughed, and that Sybilla, she ran off yelling like a house afire and then Laura Pellett, she locked him up in the shed. Just marched him in there and locked him up. He got no dinner and she left in the truck. No accounting for folks' behavior, is there? I guess there'll be quite a reconciliation to this. Pity you couldn't have let him loose.' I wish I could imitate her exact words and accent for you. Well, then she grinned at me and turned around and walked off without another word. It made me feel very uncomfortable and sorry I'd stopped, in a way. I just came home then. But it really is frightfully funny, isn't it? So completely screwball."

"Darndest thing I ever heard of," said Mrs. Walters. "How old are the Pelletts?"

"It's hard to say. Around thirty-five, I guess. But it's just a guess."

"What happened when Mrs. Pellett got home?"

"Well," said Mrs. Everard, "all I know is what I've picked up since. It may be pure gossip, but everyone knows it. Anyway, it's all the 19th Century, not the 20th. They say she let him out that evening, and then that night, after she'd gone to sleep, he got up and took every stitch of clothes, man's or woman's, out of the house with him. He went to his mother's house, and in the morning Mrs. Pellett had to go to Mrs. Cloud and ask for the loan of some clothes. They say she didn't have on even a nightgown, that she was wrapped up in a blanket. Just think of having to do that! Yet she made the deliveries right on time that morning, just the same, dressed in something that hung around her like a tent, and she looked—well, it's hard to describe—she looked quite calm, almost content. She didn't even

seem to be embarrassed. When I saw her, all she said was, 'Here you are, Mrs. Everard. I brought you the corn. I look a sight, don't I?' and she smiled at me. Honestly, she looked *happy*. It's true, you couldn't miss it, although I know it doesn't make any sense."

"No, it really doesn't," said Mrs. Walters.

"Particularly," said Mrs. Everard, "with her husband off on a drunk."

"Golly, did he go on a drunk?"

"Well, I didn't actually see them," Mrs. Everard said, "but apparently everyone else did. Leroy and his mother. The mother must be nearly seventy, they tell me, and they go on drunks about twice a year. I gather that this time they took his mother's horse and buggy and got very drunk together and drove all over the town singing songs and laughing like crazy. That took two days—they say it's always two days—and then Leroy went home."

"Gosh!" said Mrs. Walters. "I do wish I'd seen that. Have you seen them since then?"

"Every day," said Mrs. Everard. "She comes in the truck with him. She's got her own clothes back now. She makes the deliveries, and he sits in the cab and never moves out of it. I've longed to get a look at him, but I've never had the excuse. But she looks, she *still* looks, contented in that sort of dumb way. I'm damned if I see what the content comes from."

"They must all of them be crazy," Mrs. Walters said.

"That's what it seems like," said Mrs. Everard. "But goodness! There's some key to it, only *I* haven't got it. Maybe they really are all crazy. Who knows? But in 1947!"

ii

WHEN MA CLOUD saw Sybilla come into the Pelletts' orchard, she watched from the kitchen window of her house. She saw Leroy leave the barns and go out and join the girl there, and she thought it was funny Laura had left him at home. Must be one of the cows sick or something, nothing else would explain it. That Laura was certainly a jealous woman.

When she saw Laura come back in the truck, about fifteen

minutes later, and earlier than usual, Ma Cloud got right out and went to the fence where she could see better. A body wouldn't want to miss this. No, sir.

She watched Laura light into Leroy with the horsewhip and she could hear Sybilla scream as she ran away. Well, she thought, that little slut come for no good, she'd ought to be the one was whipped. Ma found it unbelievably exciting to watch the whipping, it made her tingle all over, it made her think of her own youth and her own passions and the men she'd had. The only thing that surprised her was when Laura locked up Leroy in the shed. She'd expected they'd go into the house together and make it up, plenty. That's what she'd a done, when she was young.

But Laura went into the house and nothing further happened, so Ma went back to her kitchen and made herself dinner, but she kept an eye out the window from then on. She saw Laura go to the barn and to the vegetable garden, and she watched her drive off in the truck again. Well, folks acted funny. You couldn't tell what they'd do.

She heard that Everard woman's car, and she got right out of the house to the fence again. I ain't going to miss this, she said to herself. Mrs. Everard was pretty and she might let Leroy out, he might just be closed in, not locked in. It was as good as a play to watch that young woman standing by the shed and talking through it to Leroy. Ma couldn't hear what they said, but she could imagine it. My guy! she thought, that Laura's a fool! Mrs. Everard, she's twice as pretty as that Sybilla, and these summer people from out of town, like her, they had no morals, not to speak of. Or so it seemed.

It was a great disappointment when Mrs. Everard left the shed and started back down the lane in her car. The shed must have been padlocked. But anyway, it gave you someone to talk to about it. She waved to the young woman and when she stopped, Ma told her all about it—well, not all about it, but about the whipping. Telling it, it all took place again in her own mind and she could feel the same acute pleasure once more. And it was fun to watch the woman's expression, it was half eager, half shocked. It was as though she knew she

shouldn't be setting there, she so high and mighty, and be gossiping like this and yet she couldn't help herself. It'll learn her, said Ma to herself. I bet now she wishes she'd let him out of that shed.

About six o'clock, Ma saw Laura come home and let Leroy out of the shed, and she watched him go to the house. It was funny, again, that Laura didn't follow him in. It was against nature. But she stayed at her window till she saw Laura come back from the garden with a big basket full of ears of corn, and go indoors. That was too hard to take for long. She lifted her huge bulk out of her chair and she went to the porch and she waited there until it was getting dark. Then she walked over to the Pelletts' house. If they caught her, she'd say she'd come to borrow a little shortening. If they didn't, maybe she could get a peek in a window.

She got near the house without being seen, and she looked in, and all she could see was Laura sitting in one chair and sewing and Leroy smoking in another and both of them as silent as the grave. She stood there a long time, till her old legs ached, and finally Laura got up without a word and went into the bedroom and closed the door, and a little while later, Leroy lighted a new cigar and he went in after her. But when she moved around to that side of the house, the shades were drawn, close, and she could do nothing but go home and go to bed herself. Still, a body could imagine what went on. Or could you? They didn't act like they'd made up, not any, and there was Leroy smoking cigars in the bedroom, and the Lord knew Laura had made plenty fuss about that lately. Well, thing to do was to see how they behaved in the morning.

Ma just about died of excitement when Laura turned up at seven in the morning with nothing on but a blanket.

"Can I borrow a dress, Ma?" she said.

"What you want a dress for?" Ma said. "You been burnt out?"

"No." Laura said. "Leroy has gone to his ma, and he took all my clothes."

Looking at the expression on Laura's face, Ma felt herself getting excited again. "Where's your nightgown, child?"

She saw the color run up into Laura's pale face. "It went with the rest of the clothes," Laura said.

"Well," said Ma. "I'll see what I got that won't fall off of you. I got some of my daughter's things, though she's a lot bigger'n you be." She turned away to rummage in a cupboard, and the sense of excitement was tingling all through her. My guy, she thought, I wish I could a seen in that room last night. How'd he git the nightgown?

"So Leroy's gone to his ma," she said. "I guess that'll mean he's off again for a few days."

"Seems so," said Laura.

"She's certainly a gay old lady," said Ma. She handed a slip and a cotton housedress and some sneakers to Laura. "Try these. and if they don't fit, we'll try something else. Need a nightgown?"

"No, thank you," Laura said and she blushed hotly again. "Thank you, Ma, these'll do." and she fair ran out of the house.

Small wonder, thought Ma. Now Leroy and his old ma would get as drunk as lords and go cavorting around the countryside. Always had been a queer family. Old man Pellett just like Leroy. Must be God knows how many little Pellett bastards in South County, number of women he chased after. And now Leroy following in his tracks. Well, just showed what a fool Laura was to try to lock him up, to try to stop him by taking him along in the truck when he could be doing a day's work at home. You couldn't stop that sort of thing, not with human nature the way it was. Only funny thing was, why did Laura seem so calm about it? Had she jest give up? Well, she'd better. She'd better get accustomed to the Pelletts after living with one of them for fifteen years. Or get herself an extra man. But, my good guy, thought Ma Cloud, she ain't got the looks to git a man now, let alone hold one. It was going to be real interesting to have them for neighbors. Exciting, too.

iii

WHEN LAURA CAME HOME that noon, she saw Leroy and Sybilla in the orchard and a great many things went through her mind at once, quite clearly, though not in words. She felt her love—

her passion—for her husband rise in her like a hot wave, and with it a sick feeling of sadness at their childlessness and guilt at her recent behavior toward Leroy. She understood that Leroy was doing this completely on purpose or he wouldn't be seeing Sybilla in the orchard but somewhere else, out of sight of the house and her. She understood that Sybilla must be far gone toward Leroy, or she would never have consented to meet him there—and it made Leroy unbearably attractive and desirable.

Less clearly but still forcefully, she saw that she had been foolish to deny herself to him because of their fight over the smoking in bed and that only her foolishness had caused all this to happen, and that the best thing to do would be to retreat from the impossible, stubborn position she had taken, pretend not to have seen them, and tell Leroy later that he could smoke in bed again—and that his smoking would—would stop *nothing* ever again.

But however much she saw and knew and understood in that intense moment, it was impossible for her to make herself act otherwise than she had to act—as she knew, indeed, that Leroy was goading her to act. Sybilla was young; she was not. Sybilla was pretty, she had a lovely young figure; and Laura knew she herself was plain and that she had spread and that her figure was gone forever, even without childbearing. The pattern she had set up so long ago, the being always together, the refusal ever to let Leroy go out of her sight, was too strong now. It had worked, they had been happy, the—the whole of life, nights and days, had been good and fulfilled, whatever anyone thought or said of them. It was only the recent quarrel, this difference of her making, that had brought on the present crisis. And the crisis had become too acute, too dangerous, to let her be calm or sensible. Her rage rose in proportion to its uselessness and she seized the old whip on the porch and ran out to the orchard.

You just had to bring things to a head, somehow, and even if this meant that sooner or later Leroy would go on another of his drunks, when he came back it would all be over, they could begin again. She was driven by a force greater than

reason. Perhaps Laura might have calmed down if Sybilla hadn't screamed so loudly or if Leroy hadn't laughed. The combination was too much, and even though she saw old Ma Cloud leaning on the fence and watching, she began to lay into Leroy with the whip. He just protected his face with his arms and stood there laughing, and Sybilla screamed again and ran off yelling at the top of her lungs.

Laura continued to whip Leroy until Sybilla was out of sight. Then she stopped.

"Now!" she said. "Now! You git to the sheep shed, you Leroy, or you'll git some more of this."

"Mad, ain't you?" Leroy said and he grinned.

She cut at his legs again with the whip.

"Jesus, woman!" he said. "You got no sense. Why should I mind the shed? House ain't no use to me, is it? She's pretty, ain't she?"

"You git to that shed," Laura cried.

He walked past her and Laura followed him, close enough to lash him again with the whip if she had to, but Leroy went straight to the shed and into it and sat down on a box there. Without hesitation, Laura closed the doors on him and padlocked them shut.

"You're a hawg for work, Laura," he called out to her. "Here I set, thinkin' choice thoughts, *choice* thoughts, and you got to do all the work. My!"

"You set there till you're ready to see what a skunk you are," she said.

"Fetch me my cigarettes," he said. "Or even better, my cigars. I left 'em in the house. I'm going to make me up a bed here—to smoke in."

"You'll git no cigarettes or cigars now nor later," she yelled at him. "I'll hide you again when I do let you out." She heard him laugh and it made her so angry that she almost undid the padlock again to give him another taste of the whip, but she changed her mind and she went to the house instead. She'd have liked to take a cut at old Ma Cloud, too.

She cooked dinner, but she didn't take any out to Leroy. She worked in the garden till three and then she took the truck to

North Ferry for shopping. When she got back it was about six and she went to the shed. She could hear nothing there.

"You still there?" she said.

"I'm right here," he said. "I got a message for you."

"Who?" she asked.

"Well, it ain't from Ma Cloud, and it ain't from Sybilla Greene," he said. "It's from Mrs. Everard. She wants some sweet corn for tomorrow." His voice took on almost the exact intonation of Mrs. Everard's. "You all had better scurry right out and pick it now before dark, honey," he said.

Laura stood there in a mood composed half of anger and half of reluctant amusement.

"You want to come out?" she said.

"Why, sure," he said. "Any time suits you."

Not knowing what else to do, she unlocked the door and Leroy came out. Without a word to her, he walked to the house. When he got there, he called back to her. "Don't forgit the corn," and he went inside.

She picked the corn and she came in and got supper ready. Leroy was smoking and looking at the ceiling. They never said a word to each other all evening. At nine o'clock, Laura went to bed. Just as she started to turn out the light, Leroy came in.

"No," he said. "Leave the light on. I been in enough darkness for a while." He was smoking a cigar.

He undressed and he stood before her naked.

"Nice welts," he said, pointing to the scars of her whip on his legs and body. "You use a whip real handy, don't you?"

Laura felt her whole soul turn over in pain at the sight of those welts and at the lightness, the detached tone of his voice. She watched him get into his pajamas, but when he got into bed and lay there puffing at the cigar, the whole structure she had erected collapsed on her and she turned away from him and burst into tears.

He must have put out his cigar at once and turned off the light, because it was only seconds later that she was in his arms and everything was as it had always been since they got married. She didn't have to tell him that he could smoke all he wanted to, in bed or out, that she'd never refuse him this love

again—he'd know all that without her telling because that was what love meant.

When she woke in the morning, she was still naked and there wasn't a stitch of clothes in the whole house. He'd even taken her nightgown that she'd flung to the floor. She'd have got angry again if it hadn't been for the note, left on the kitchen table.

"Gone to get drunk with my Ma," it said. "See how you like having to set in one place alone. Don't catch cold. Be back Thursday, feel too good to set quiet now. Don't worry any. Leroy."

It made her so happy that she didn't care at all about having to wrap herself up in a blanket and go over, even to Ma Cloud's, to borrow some clothes. Why should she care *who* knew that Leroy loved her?

END



A Happy Family—IF

**Don't mourn the breakdown of old-time discipline
until you've tried democracy in the home**

by Dr. Mary Fisher Langmuir
Professor of Child Study, Vassar College

I AM GOING to draw for you a rough picture of an average modern family. It's an important family because it is the soil in which many American children grow up to face an increasingly complex adult world. It may seem at first glance a mere deterioration of the old-time family, but, as we shall see, it can provide roots as healthy as any child could need.

This modern family believes in earning more money as a matter of necessity—or as a step on the road to social success. To earn more money many fathers are forced to spend more and more time away from home. Hence many children have only a week-end acquaintance with their fathers—and even then only at those times when schedules happen to coincide.

The result is something that can be called only a one-parent home. In this one-parent home the mother is bound to become more child-centered than her grandmother was. The children too often tend to become the only focus of the mother's life. They are precious objects to be scheduled, manipulated, coaxed, and somehow maneuvered through a prolonged childhood and a lingering adolescence.



Illustrations by Parker Edwards

The wife will see her husband off to his work; shepherd the children to school; meet them after school and escort a reluctant John to the dentist and a not much less reluctant Susie to the music teacher; whip about town doing the shopping; and then rush home to be on hand when Daddy and the evening paper arrive. Between these fixed points in her busy schedule, mother is privileged—unless there's a baby at home—to be alone. Alone with the housework. Alone with the soap operas.

The effect of this is hardly healthy. Too many women say they feel more like stage managers and taxi drivers than like individual human beings, or even wives and mothers. Or they cock an envious eye at their menfolks' world, and consider it so much more interesting, more important, and more sociable. They are filled with an uneasy sense that they and their husbands seem to have few experiences in common and to enjoy little of a shared life.

Along the road of our boasted progress a certain kind of family unity and solidarity has in the past 50 or 75 years been lost. Why? How?

What was it like, the old-fashioned American home, the home of Grandmother's day?

We like to think of it as filled

with a large family, with father playing a masterful and dominating role, with mother in the house working hard to see to it that everybody was happy and comfortable and well-nourished. As for the children, they knew their place. They had all the virtues that grownups admire in young people: they were polite, industri-



ous, and never got under one's feet.

Such a home was part of a less complex society than ours. Its rules were simpler, more definite. The children had to conform to the respectability-pattern—or light out. Black sheep wandered west or ran away to sea. No compulsory school attendance or need for working papers forced those with an itch to see the world to stay home and face problems. There was less help, less social security, less community responsibility, true; but there seems to have been more individual freedom. And

along with that went a greater sense of individual responsibility.

Keeping a large family warm, fed, clothed, and, above all, respectable was a full-time job. It required many skills, a kind of realistic competence, a practical pair of hands, and a stout back. As the home moved closer to the frontier more work was required. *But it was required of everyone.* The older children minded the younger. In rural areas the boys helped the fathers with the heavier work and, long before progressive education, learned by doing. Girls worked side by side with their mothers and were proud of their skills. Women were as essential as men. Husbands and wives were equal in responsibility and productiveness. They needed each other, they needed the family, the family needed them.

Togetherness and being essential: there you have the warp and woof of the old family pattern. It was a pattern that created a definite kind of conduct. Standards of behavior and competence were not vague and subjective. The do's and don't's of life did not depend so largely on mother's wishes or her hurt feelings, or on father's pet ideas of how children should behave.

When things were at their best in these Currier and Ives homes,



mothers and fathers loved and liked, as well as depended on, each other. Children were the gift of God and were accepted without much question. This shared life at its best was rich and varied and interesting. And even where the parents did not love each other, there was often a sustaining mutual respect.

On the other hand, we must not take too wistful a view of our grandparents. Judged by modern standards, discipline was authoritarian, undemocratic, arbitrary. Not all husbands and wives liked or even respected each other. Uncounted men and women resented their lot in life and the drudgery which cemented them together. Many more children were born than survived. For large groups in the population, life was too hard to be rich or varied or interesting. The standard of living was too low for many groups to

achieve any measure of decency or dignity.

No, we don't want to go back to it. We are done with the days of the frontier period or even of *Life With Father*. We all accept and are proud of the fact that technology has developed as rapidly as it has and that cities have multiplied. Looked at fairly, our rising standard of living can be considered genuine progress in terms of human as well as material values.

Nevertheless, in any time of stock-taking, we begin to see that we have lost something, too, since Grandmother's day. What we have lost—and are beginning to refind—are certain values which were a natural part of the earlier patterns of family living. The typical American family of 1947, in contrast to that of 1897, is smaller, lives in a smaller home, has more conveniences and more service, moves around more, leaves home for its recreation and much of its food, provides for its old people and sick members in hospitals or institutions—and is more self-conscious and unsure about what to do with its children. Gain? Loss? Perhaps both.

The gain is linked with the loss. We point with pride to the commercial and social agencies which have taken over some responsibil-

ities from the home. We easily buy things which formerly had to be made with difficulty by the members of the family. But we forget that in Grandmother's time the making of these things created a common core of shared and essential tasks, and with the disappearance of these tasks that core has vanished.

Many suburban fathers and mothers are able to provide expensive educations, cultural advantages, and physical care unknown in earlier times. But as a consequence the children all too often get a feeling that life centers in them and their wishes. Gain—and loss.

The very fact of smaller families increases this danger of over-



concern and overprotection. In many groups in our country children are no longer taken for granted or considered God-given. Husbands and wives try to decide, wisely and consciously, when to

start their families and whether to have one or two children—or none at all. Some of them even try to space their children so that Johnny can be spared the ordeal of sibling rivalry, which is supposed to be most acute in the preschool years. Others deliberately limit their families to one child. Still others have no children because the experiences of their own parents leave them frightened at the thought of being burdened or limited by a young brood.

Children of parents who are in doubt or in conflict about parenthood have a hard time getting well started. Children of parents who have one child “in order to give him every advantage” carry heavy burdens. Both groups are less free to develop properly than children who are welcomed as a natural consequence of marriage.

Children are like plants. And we know now that the old-fashioned soil of family relationship, rich with the nourishment of togetherness, held certain elements good for growing children.

How can we restore this soil?

In the last three decades enough children have come out of small child-centered families of adequate incomes for us to evaluate the results. We know now why it is not wise to make every effort to give children completely carefree

childhoods. Gratifying every whim does not strengthen the roots of character. It is not enough for children to be able only to receive and to enjoy. Their emotional roots must be sturdy enough and



deep enough to help them withstand the winds of change and the periods of drought or storm that come to all lives.

Many of the experiences and responsibilities which used to help build stamina are no longer normally a part of everyday living. We must now consciously recreate them. Parents today want to know what experiences, what qualities in family living give children strong roots for growing. Fortunately we are learning that a good home is not to be judged primarily by the size of the income, or even the evidences of culture and taste. Wherever it may be, a good home for children has certain unmistakable characteristics: The members of

the family respect and like each other; they enjoy being together and working together; they help each other out; and they feel reasonably free to be themselves.

It is in this psychological freedom "to be themselves" that modern families can develop a new source of strength. The areas in which life can be shared by parents and children have been multiplied by greater freedom of movement, greater freedom from want, and broader education. The "togetherness" of the old-fashioned family can be reinstated in new and more democratic ways. It is already happening in hundreds of thousands of homes. In them the modern democratic family is taking shape.

The Democratic Family—If

AMERICAN PARENTS no longer need to be unsure about what children need. They can believe and trust that their home will be a *good* home for a child *if* . . . he is loved and wanted—and knows it; *if* he is helped to grow up by not having too much or too little done for him; *if* he has some time and some space of his own; *if* he is part of the family, has fun with the family, and belongs; *if* his early mistakes and "badness" are understood as a normal part of growing up and he is corrected

without being hurt, shamed, or confused; *if* his growing skills—walking, talking, reading, making things—are enjoyed and respected; *if* he plans with the family and is given real ways to help and feel needed throughout childhood; *if* he has freedom that fits his needs and responsibilities that fit his age and abilities; *if* he can say what he feels without being afraid or ashamed; *if* he can learn through mistakes as well as successes; *if* he knows his parents are doing the best they can, and they know the same about him; *if* he feels his parents care as much about him as they do about his brothers and sisters; *if he is moderately and consistently disciplined from infancy, has limits set for his behavior, and is helped to take increasing responsibility for his own actions*; *if* he has something to believe in because his parents have lived their ideals and religious faith.

Such good homes for children to grow in are much more common than we realize. Their traditions and beliefs rest soundly on the best of our democratic heritage. They will be perpetuated through the children they are rearing soundly and well. The soil of American family life is reclaimable. It can—and must—make strong roots possible. **END**

SORE LOSER

On the sandlots, the main idea was to win

by Robert Smith



Illustrations
by Russ Gale

FOR THE BASEBALL we played when I was a boy, we needed just a bat, a ball, and a glove. Sometimes we had several gloves; but when there was only one, the catcher wore it, for he had to catch the speediest throws which ten- and twelve-year-old arms could manage. The rules we played by were elemental, hardly more complicated than the rules of certain forms of tag, and easy enough for a small boy to pick up in a day, indeed in an hour, so that he could enjoy the game with any of them. And it was our love of those warm days, the smell of the dry stubble, the frenzied shouts of our playmates, the taste of salt sweat, the sound of the bat striking the heavily taped ball, the manly joy of grabbing the hard heavy ball on the fly and holding it tight, despite the sting, to make the out, the sweet sun, the baking earth, the intent and loyal faces of the few boys who, for this hour or two, were our teammates, closer than our brothers—it was all these things which, long held in our hearts, came to be in part what we meant when we said the word “baseball”. . . .

THERE WAS IN OUR TOWN a boy with a name like Riley. He was the sort of small boy very common to American cities in those days: undersized, even for his age, flat-chested, very pale except for sprinkled freckles which darkened and increased as summer grew long. His joints protruded in a way that poor people considered normal, and his ribs, when he had his shirt off, showed as plainly as they do on an old horse. Nobody in those times thought it strange that a young human being should look like this, for people were supposed to have been born fleshy, or congenitally unable to grow or take on fat. And sometimes a boy's round shoulders and flat chest were laid to the dried leaves he smoked or the sex thoughts he gave his time to rather than to the bread and beans he ate every day of his life.

Riley, despite his physique, was as wiry and tough as a stunted tree; and he introduced us to something which teachers and preachers and, yes, even some of our baseball heroes, vainly tried to make us view as a shameful thing: the naked desire to win. In all our sports we were preached the value of sports-

manship, of graceful losing, of the smile in the face of defeat. But with the wisdom of children from whom life's petty comforts were always more than an arm's length removed, we knew in our souls that the really important thing was to win.

But we had never seen anybody like Riley. There was nothing in the world that could frighten him out of his grim urge to come out on top. Rules, umpires, and particularly opponents were just obstacles to circumvent, avoid, bowl over, or destroy. And in this respect Riley represented the very soul of American sport.

Riley had an older brother—an angry-looking, skinny boy with hair that stood up straight—who for several years apparently had tried to beat out of Riley his urge to tag along with the bigger boys to the ball field. But when we began to play ball with Riley he was already a better player than his brother; and before long he became the best pitcher in town.

It sticks in my mind that some grownup, or at least someone in long pants, said at the time that Riley was a natural-born ballplayer. I don't believe Riley was born anything except a tiny red-haired baby in a very poor family. In the daily scramble for his share of the scanty sweets and comforts, he became a natural competitor, ready to grab any advantage that offered, schooled to reach for anything that wasn't being watched.

Riley attended high school for only one year; and he did not play high school baseball at all. I don't remember why this was, unless the coach, a barrel-chested man who loved to speak in assemblies on the "character-building" aspects of sport (as if nothing was worth doing simply for its present joy), decided that Riley's character was past repair. At any rate, Riley soon had a team of his own, a group of assorted soreheads, poor students, and kids who were not content with playing the second and third string on the school team.

We used to play two or three times a week, in a haphazard sort of league, playing sometimes on the public playground, or traveling into Boston to play on a diamond right next to Braves Field, which was then a brand-new ball park with the biggest outfield anyone had ever heard of. Usually the teams we played were so far outclassed by Riley's pitching that it was hardly any

contest. Riley also loved to take on teams that were supposed to be out of our class. One time when we borrowed a truck to travel some miles to play a small-town team, the captain of the home team refused to play us, because we were a "bunch of goddamn kids in diapers." But after Riley, on tiptoe, had shōved his chin into the captain's face for a minute or two, the home boys got mad enough to beat us to death with the bats.

They did beat us in the game; but the only detail I remember is Riley's face on the way home. He was what the local Boy Scout leader described as a "sore loser." He cared too much about winning to summon even a twisted smile when he lost. He played the lost games over again for hours after the last man was out, and intermittently for days. He would glare somberly at a boy who had dropped an easy fly until the boy rolled all his apologies into an uneasy lump and swallowed them. But the game he wanted least to lose was the game we scheduled with the high school. We had to play it on a Sunday, far from the regular diamond, for the coach would have none of Riley and his team of sourbellies.

THOSE BOYS had us scared. They wore uniforms, which always make a ballplayer look better and a pitcher far more awesome. They had two hitters, we knew, who could ride a ball into the brook at the distant edges of the field. And their pitcher, a moody, dark-eyed boy who was known, somewhat respectfully, for his fearsome temper, was both wild and fast. This made for nervousness on the part of the batters, for almost any ball might slide off the pitcher's fingers and come straight for their heads.

Riley, however, was not nervous. It was a hot and dusty day, the kind he liked. The infield was baked hard, and the dirt near the bases was as fine as flour, rising in small choking clouds to settle on the backs of our wet hands and smear in darkened streaks on our faces and arms. It was baseball weather. When the high school regulars on the bench hooted at him, Riley would wipe his face on his shirttail and barely glance their way. Then, with a smooth and continuous motion of his small body and thin long arm, he would send in a curve that would

make the batter back foolishly away from the plate or reach vainly out with his bat like a futile fisherman.

I don't think they would have scored on Riley at all that day if he had had a real ball team behind him and a smart umpire. But we kicked enough ground balls and threw wide of the base a sufficient number of times to put men on second or third more than once. And two of them came in when our third baseman, who was too small for his job, deflected a ground ball with his heel and sent it spinning off into foul territory in deep left field, where the left fielder had to try three times before he could close his hand on it.

The umpire was an old man in a blue shirt and a hard straw hat who, I think, just assumed that he knew more about baseball than we did because he had lived so much longer. He had something in his mouth which kept him chewing, either gum or tobacco, and sometimes he would announce his decisions only to himself, and Riley would have to turn and ask him. The old man then would shift his small cud and say "Shtrike" or "Ball" in a juicy, somewhat quavering tone. To him a strike was something the batter struck at, or something that went unmolested, waist-high, across the middle of the plate. I don't believe he knew what the words meant when Riley growled "For Cripes' sake, give me the corners, will you?" If his slightly watery eyes could have detected the fact that a ball had just passed over one corner of the plate, I'm sure he had no more sense than to call it a "ball."

Luckily, the high school boys wanted to hit, and this kept them trying, so they struck out in spite of the umpire, or hit little pop flies and feeble grounders.

We hardly hit at all. But we did get men on base because their pitcher was so wild; and the game was finally settled between the pitchers, which was just the way for things to be, according to Riley.

The high school was leading, two runs to none, through most of the game. Although they had promised loudly for days before that they would beat us by fifteen runs, these two looked large enough to them after Riley had run down through their batting order. In the later innings, what with the eccentric um-



piring, the frantic and vain efforts to hit, and the increasing tension as victory or defeat came close. both teams began to yell more bitterly and more vociferously. The high school team would line up along the third base line as Riley pitched and let their howls increase throughout his windup until, with the actual release of the ball, they were screaming like a pack of tortured cats. If the pitch happened to be called a ball, the screams would break up into falsetto laughter, yelps of triumph, and bitter abuse. But if it went by for a strike, they would peter out into sudden silence, as if all the boys had been simultaneously ducked in a tub.

We tried some of this on their pitcher, and he took to it a good deal less eagerly than Riley. His face became grim and he dealt us looks dark enough to silence a wolf. Then he hit Riley. He hadn't sufficient control to try to hit anyone—that is, throw the ball straight at the batter with the idea of scaring him back from the plate. It was a plain accident. His curve failed to curve and the ball nicked Riley's uplifted arm. Riley let out a roar as if he had been really bruised, although the

ball had no more than brushed his shirt. He moved two or three steps toward the pitcher, the bat held in one hand like a nightstick, and threatened to knock the boy's fat head into the grass. The umpire hobbled around between the boys, so they swapped nothing but dirty words; and Riley trotted down to first, where he perched like an angry squirrel and chattered away while the pitcher squared off for the next batter.

There were two on base now, for the first batter had walked; and Riley, after working off the foam of his anger, began to remind the pitcher in a monotonous, high-pitched singsong that "the old tying run is on first now. The old tying run!" This had a suitably distracting effect upon the pitcher, who turned quickly to catch Riley off base and heaved the ball over the low board fence that bounded the first base side of the field.

Yelling like a happy and triumphant Indian, Riley galloped on to second base, while the man on second advanced to third. In accordance with the usual rule, the runners were limited to an advance of one base on this overthrow into foul territory.

The pitcher and catcher of the high school conferred dolefully after this misplay and some of the infielders gathered to comfort the pitcher and urge him to take it easy. Riley meanwhile began to yell his signal for the squeeze play, which consisted simply of addressing the batter by his last name: "Come on, Stein boy! A hit means two runs, Stein boy!" The squeeze play we used was the old "running squeeze," which is seldom seen in big-league ball these days. As the pitcher commits himself to the pitch, the runner on third sets out full speed for home. The job of the batter is merely to bunt the ball. The runner usually crosses the plate a second or two after the batter has stopped the pitch with his bat. And the batter is almost always thrown out easily at first.

Calling the squeeze play at that juncture was not in accordance with the best baseball theory, which would demand that the team play for two or three runs rather than one, by having the batter hit away, that is, do his best to hit safely. But Stein, like the rest of us, had been striking out, or getting thrown out on easy rollers to the pitching box; and slow or bad throws are so common in high school ball that it is always

worth while to give the defense an opportunity to make errors. There was no real error on Stein's bunt, however. The runner on third came charging in as soon as the pitcher started his throw. Stein by some miracle bunted the ball right down the third-base line and started for first. The ball rolled an inch or two foul, with the pitcher watching it. The runner from third skipped over the ball and scored. Then, of all things, the ball rolled fair again, this time with both umpire and pitcher hovered over it as if it might hatch a chick. The pitcher grabbed it and looked wildly around; but there was no place to throw it.

It was two to one now, with the winning run on first. Riley, scuffing dirt near third, explained to the pitcher in a raucous tone that the old ball game was gone now, boy, the old ball game was gone.

STEIN THEN adopted a favorite stunt of Riley's. He waited until the catcher, having received the first pitch, started to toss it back to the pitcher. Then he broke for second base, running with his head down and his arms pumping. The pitcher grabbed the catcher's toss, turned awkwardly, and faked a throw to second, then spun around to catch Riley off third. Riley made a scurrying motion with his feet, and the pitcher let the ball fly. Perhaps it was some unconscious urge of the pitcher's that sent the ball straight at Riley. It struck his shoulder and bounced off into left field, in fair territory. Riley sped home with the tying run while Stein rounded second and stood on the base line for a moment or two to see who was going to field the ball.

"Run!" Riley screamed, for the third baseman had unthinkingly gone after the ball, leaving third base uncovered. Stein ran. The pitcher also ran for third, while the left fielder and the shortstop pondered for a second or two over who was going to make the play. When the left fielder finally picked the ball up he had to hold it a moment, until someone had reached third to handle it. The third baseman, backing up rapidly, reached there about the same time as the pitcher, who had flung himself almost headlong to get there ahead of Stein. As

a result, third baseman and pitcher went into a heap together, and Stein, at Riley's frantic urging, continued on for home and dove in with the winning run in a handsome cloud of slow-settling dust.

Riley's laughter sounded like a noise in the jungle. He capered up and down the third-base line, where the pitcher was glumly dusting off his pants, and, after he had nearly choked himself on an especially high-pitched cackle, he gleefully congratulated the pitcher for his part in the play. The pitcher glowered for just a moment, then went straight to the heart of the matter by undertaking to dent Riley's head with his two fists.

Riley's reaction to this was glad surprise. Before anyone else could even yell, he and the pitcher were rolling on the ground, with Riley on top and the pitcher, who was a good deal larger, trying to tear him loose by the hair. Nobody really won that fight. But we won the game. I don't recall now if that was the final inning. At any rate, there was no more scoring. The high school boys pried their pitcher and Riley apart and after the game there was some talk of a handshake between the rival pitchers.

"Like hell!" said Riley.

END



Triumph of the Female

**The male animal sounds a grim warning
for *homo sapiens americanus***

by Waverley Root

SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKWARD reaches of time, long before you and I appeared on the scene, the female element in nature seems to have outsmarted itself. Fascinated by the business of reproduction, the female made up its mind (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) to concentrate on that alone.

To the male organisms of that prehistoric era were left such matters as self-preservation and nourishment. This gave the male an unexpected break. Freed of the work of breeding, he was able to pursue an ever-widening variety of interests and hobbies. If the female had a corner on reproduction, he had a set of corners on everything else.

Consequently the male's colors grew brighter, and so did his wits. While never exactly bored by the job of fertilization, he allowed his creative urge to wander outside that limited field. In the end this versatility of interest won for him a certain superiority. The general rule was established throughout the animal world: the male is brilliant, dashing, independent; the female is the drab stay-at-home.

But nature, though regular, is not uniform. There are a number of instances in which the female has taken her revenge, wresting back from the male the right to lead the more diverting existence. And often, in doing so, she has become a tyrant. The male, as a result of caring for the female's welfare, had developed a pleasant and considerate character. But his lady love had led a frustrated life in which jealousy and selfishness were bound to increase. Hence the female became more vicious

than the male whenever she regained her power, and used it all the more terribly.

As you ponder the following subhuman exhibits of the triumph of the female, check their conduct against that of your friends of either sex. The results may be somewhat disquieting.

AMONG THE AMAZONS of the animal kingdom, some are to be found in an unexpected quarter—the birds. I say unexpected, because the greater brilliance of the male is perhaps more marked among birds than in any other main division of animal kind. Shut your eyes, imagine the pheasant, the wild duck, the peacock, and you will realize the bias of nature. Is it not the male bird who flaunts his beauty before the female during the mating season, who fights rivals, who disdains to sit on the eggs, leaving to the female the vapid job of incubation?

Illustrations by Elizabeth James



But, as I have said, nature is not uniform. There is at least one avian Amazon who breaks all the rules. May I introduce the Rhynchaea? The Rhynchaea is a small, snipe-like, wading bird, found in the marshes of tropical Asia and Africa. In the Rhynchaea family the female highhandedly assumes the male role for every function except the actual laying of the eggs. She is larger and more brilliantly colored than her male, himself no slouch in the line of iridescence.

During the mating season it is the female, not the male, who struts her plumage. It is the females who fight fiercely over the masculine birds. Patient and stoical, the male sits the war out. Then he turns into a little homemaker. Perhaps compensating for his inferiority feeling, he builds the nest badly, throwing leaves and grass together in a fine pet, clapping them down anywhere, as long as there is water near by. Then the female lays her eggs, flirts her tail, and lights out, leaving the male to hatch the young, nourish them, and put them through college.

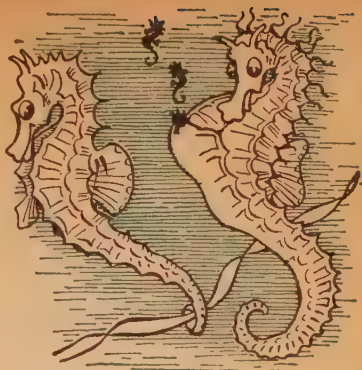
Most male birds bring food to the female when she is on the nest. You'd think the female Rhynchaea would figure that turnabout is fair play.. But no. The male's restau-

rant is a self-service one. Not only that, but it is darkly suspected that the lady Rhynchaea is not only a bad cook and housewife, but something far, far worse. It is believed that she pairs with as many different males during each season as the number of clutches of eggs she produces. Obviously she has no time to waste in mere sitting.

Once, visiting the famous aquarium in Naples, I listened to its curator rhapsodizing over the unique qualities of one fish in his collection. In his excitement he mixed so many languages that I wasn't sure what fish it was that had so entranced him, until he finally pressed upon me, as a souvenir, a dried sea horse.

The peculiarity of the sea horse (the nondried variety, of course) is that it is the male which carries and gives birth to the young. More precisely, the male *seems* to. Actually the female, or sea mare, lays her eggs in a pouch on the male abdomen. When the eggs hatch, the young appear from the paternal pouch. Oedipus complexes among sea horses thus become extremely difficult to analyze.

The assumption of the feminine role by the sea horse may be more apparent than real. Elsewhere in the sea, however, we find examples of the most complete domination by the female element to be found



in nature. This often takes the form of a dependency in which the male is a parasite, a relationship not entirely unknown among the higher orders.

TAKE THE BONELLIE. The bonellie is a marine worm found among coastal rocks in both the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic. The male compares in size to the female roughly as a flea compares to a man. He leads a simple, healthy, somewhat restricted life, being little more than a fertilizing apparatus for the convenience of the female. Indeed, he hasn't even a digestive tube, and accordingly can live only by getting his nourishment, in true parasitic fashion, from his host, or, rather, hostess, who thus provides him with both bed and board. Since the male bonellie is reduced to the single activity of fertilization, he passes his life, appropriately, in the uterus of the female, keeping him-

self fat and contented by sucking the female's blood. Sometimes several males are found in a single hospitable female.

The most remarkable thing about the bonellie, however, is that in spite of the tremendous difference between the sexes, there is no distinction between them at birth. Whether the young and innocent bonellie becomes bonellie (*m.*) or (*f.*) depends upon whether he/she meets a mature female shortly after birth. Should the little bonellie chance to encounter a female, it attaches itself without further reflection to a trunklike appendage of that fish, and degenerates into a parasitic male. If no female happens to come mincing along, it grows, *faute de, mieux*, into one itself.

Another group of creatures, outside the human race, which has its degenerate males is that group of small Crustacea of which the common barnacle is an example. Although each individual unites both sexes and can suffice unto itself, they (the pronouns in this last sentence are somewhat refractory) can also couple with one another. And finally, as though they had not already enough strings to their bow, the barnacles may be served by pygmy males, which cluster on the bodies of the larger, complete organisms. The minute males may

pass their entire lives without performing their destined function; or they may, at the whim of nature, enter into action.

The dominant female appears often among spiders. In the Salticids the males are generally much smaller than the females, and so different in appearance that some species have been recognized (by lynx-eyed observers) as male and female of the same animal only when found coupling. The extreme case is that of the great tropical spiders known as *Néphilia*. In some of these the females are 1,500 times the size of the male. Even when the size of the two is roughly the same, the female spider remains a shrew, fond of her husband to the point of devouring him.

RETURNING TO THE SEA, we find in its deepest chasms some of the most complete examples of male parasitism. Here the male is often whittled down to little more than an organ of the female, without digestive or respiratory apparatus of his own. He lives by grace of a permanent attachment to the female blood stream. The tiny males are fixed to the females in a variety of fashions—at the ends of tubes, under the belly or at various spots on the body.

When human beings speak of

polygamy they generally mean a system in which each male has many wives. In the nonhuman world, polygamy is not only the rule but it ordinarily operates both ways. In fact, where the female sex is engaged in taking its revenge on the usually dominant male, polyandry, "multiple husbands," is the natural rule. In such matriarchal groups, the male's opportunities are strictly limited, while the female is the one who leads a loose life, either on the "off with the old love, on with the new" principle, or by the enjoyment of more than one mate.

We might also mention the lurid case of the argonaut and its close relative, the nautilus. The male argonaut, in appearance a small octopus, is only about an inch long; the female is fifteen times his size. Perhaps this discrepancy intimidates him. At any rate, his amorous technique is hardly an aggressive one. His fertilizing organ, a sort of whiplike appendage, informally detaches itself and remains fixed by suckers to the female. (We are glad to add that the male later grows a new one.)

The nautilus is fertilized in the same remote-control manner, and adds to this peculiarity another: the impatient organ sometimes detaches itself from the male before reaching the female, and makes

the rest of the journey under its own power. This would seem to deprive the male nautilus of whatever diversion life might hold for him; and in any event, his activity is sadly limited by the fact that he is incapacitated for further service until he can grow another arm, or whip. The female nautilus leads a far richer life. She can and does, at her sexual levees, receive the members of several males at the same time.

We might cite also the brazen behavior of a sort of crawfish, the Cladocera, of which the male—this will no longer surprise you—is considerably the smaller of the two and is furnished with a special pair of claws for holding onto the female. Not infrequently a female is found receiving simultaneous homage from two mates, one holding onto her left side, the other clinging to her right.

These are a few examples of the exceptions to the general rule that the female has abandoned first place in the world of animals to the male. The exceptions are rare but whenever they do occur the female seems to take revenge for all the indignities which her sex has ever been forced to suffer.

We forbear to point out the application of these easy lessons in unnatural history to the case of *homo sapiens americanus*. **END**

The Caustic Art of

JACK LEVINE



by Elizabeth McCausland

—I'm a museum-happy painter . . .

—What do you mean by that?

—I'm a traditionalist . . . the kind of person who really feels very happy in the presence of old masters. Yet . . . I'm an experimental painter.

—How do you feel about being called the enfant terrible of contemporary American artists?

A large canvas, *The Magician*, sixty by forty inches, looks down on our interview. Jack Levine—who is only thirty-two, but has been exhibiting and winning major prizes for a dozen years—keeps on trying to pull verbal rabbits out of his hat for me.

—I'm not a firebrand. I don't rebel against things that are legitimate. "Rebellion" is such a flaming, high-school-boy term. When a

thing's good, I like it. When it's not, I don't. Rebellious in my painting? That's oversimplified. Cynical? I don't think so. Sardonic, perhaps. The point is, I have a basic core of belief in the human race.

It is against the antihuman that Jack Levine protests. The old, the exhausted, and the worn-out enlist his sympathies. (Instance: *The White Horse*, owned by the State Department.) Correspondingly, hypocrisy and lack of feeling outrage him. Take the "big brass." He saw enough of that on Ascension Island during three and a half years in the Army. Result: *Welcome Home*, a large canvas, painted after his discharge from the Army, in which General and Wife are presented satirically—cold and smug at a banquet in their honor. When it was first shown at New



PHOTOGRAPH BY GJON MILI

Jack Levine peers intently over a palette that is as interesting a composition as the unfinished painting in the background



Levine says of *Welcome Home*: "It is a comedy—but this is not apparent to generals who see the painting. They act as though their noses had been tweaked."





York's Downtown Gallery in May, 1946, the picture created a great stir. Later it won second prize at the Carnegie exhibition; it is now in the permanent collection of the Brooklyn Museum.

For Levine, age, fatigue, the erosive effect of time and toil can be presented sympathetically, because they prove visually the indestructibility of the human spirit even amid hardship and privation. Greed and gluttony are basic evils to him. In the light of his reaction to the seven deadly sins, Jack Levine surely is a traditionalist, not to say a moralist.

One of eight children, his father a shoemaker, Jack Levine was born in Boston in 1915. In a note written in 1939 for his first one-man show, he gives us a glimpse of this period:

"When I was eight, my family moved from the slum-ridden South End [of Boston] to Roxbury, a throttling residential suburb. Horrified by the trees and piazzas, I consoled myself by making drawings of drunkards and other things I remembered."

The next period was given over to the study of tradition and the old masters. When he was nine or

ten years old, he began studying at a Roxbury settlement house, the Jewish Welfare Center. In all, he had three instructors. First came the settlement house teacher. Then, when he was about fourteen, his drawings were shown to Dr. Denman Ross, exponent of impressionist theories of painting, who became interested in the boy and gave him a weekly allowance of \$12. The arrangement lasted about three years.

His third teacher was that classic manual, Max Doerner's *Materials of the Artist*. Fundamentally, Jack Levine has been self-taught, except as the art of the museums has taught him. I suppose he would add that life has also taught him.

By the autumn of 1935, Levine was working for the Federal Art Project in Massachusetts. Here he decided to paint what he knew best and had known longest.

—How would you describe your approach today?

—Painting can be looked at as theater. I want to paint the *comédie humaine*—as it is today.

—Who influenced you?

—So far as I know, I've not been influenced by any American painter. I went through a very conservative adolescence — Degas, Rembrandt, Daumier. About the

Apteka is not simply a Polish drug store on New York's East Side but a synthesis of the artist's reactions to tenement life

time I got on the Federal Project, I learned about Rouault, Soutine, Kokoschka. Most of the painters around New York today have been shaped by cubism or Orozco. I resisted this. I'm still most interested in the psychological projection of human experience, though—I might add—I now subscribe to the commonly held opinion that Picasso is a very great artist.

—Well, what sort of a painter does this make you?

—A "romantic" painter, perhaps. Not an "expressionist." Or perhaps "humanitarian" would describe it. "Humanist" takes in too



wide a range. Take my painting called The White Horse. There are horses and horses in the world. That horse is me, acting. It is my attempt to realize a tired horse without being literal.

Levine uses the word "empathy" to explain his approach. By this he means, I take it, that he iden-

tifies himself emotionally with his theme. Look at *Apteka*, one of the paintings reproduced in these pages. It's a Polish drugstore on New York's Lower East Side—not painted from life, but from emotion, or a fine frenzy recollected in tranquillity.

—Is this kind of painting based on direct observation?

—I suppose so. But it's not a narrative. It's an editorial—a comment on life. In this sense, I feel I am a social artist.

The tempo in which Jack Levine makes verbal equivalents for his paintings is itself revealing. His talk has a staccato rhythm, not unlike his nervous brush-stroke. Along with his paintings, these statements make up a twin portrait of one of the most interesting of our younger painters.

At the moment, Levine is exploring the problems of painting large easel pictures, bigger even than his forty-by-sixty canvases.

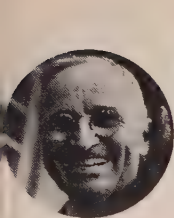
—Why the bigness?

—Because there's an exuberance about painting big.

—Where is one supposed to put such paintings?

—Picasso answered that one: "Paintings are not done to decorate apartment houses."

END



TRUMAN



CLIFFORD



SNYDER



BYRNES



MARSHALL

THE 64 WHO RUN AMERICA

New wielders of power have replaced Ambassador Gerard's famous list of tycoons, says the author of *Inside U.S.A.*

by John Gunther

IN 1930, OR JUST seventeen years ago, James W. Gerard, former American Ambassador to Germany and a prominent New York lawyer and financier for well over a generation, wrote a pamphlet published in England which said "the forty men who rule America could do wonders with the British Empire." Upon his return to the United States, he reeled off the forty names in response to questions of reporters, and later expanded the list to 64 (see next page). It made a national and international sensation.

One of the things that made this list so provocative was the conspicuous absence of any political leaders. Not even the President of

the United States, Mr. Hoover, was included. Mr. Gerard listed only one cabinet minister (Mellon) and not a single senator, congressman, or governor. It is above all a list of tycoons. In fact, the two labor leaders at the end were added as an afterthought.

Mr. Gerard, defending his selections, simply said that these 64 personages, even though they held no elective office of any kind, were the powers that really ruled the United States. Though they did not run for office themselves, they had the final word in determining who did run—and who was elected—because they held the purse strings of the nation.

In other words, Mr. Gerard,



VINSON



LEAHY



R. A. TAFT



VANDENBERG



BARKLEY



MORSE



McCARRAN



GEORGE



MARTIN



RAYBURN

along with many others, was convinced that the United States of America was at that time a financial oligarchy—nothing more, nothing less.

Has the situation changed, and in what ways? When I saw Mr. Gerard recently, and he began reminiscing about his list, that was the question I put to him.

"What kind of list would you have made in the middle thirties or early forties?" I asked.

"It would have shrunk to one man—Roosevelt," he answered.

"What kind of list would you make today?"

"I would limit it to half a dozen men, all of them partners in J. P. Morgan & Co."

• Ambassador Gerard's List of America's "Rulers" (A.D. 1930)

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.
Andrew W. Mellon
J. P. Morgan
George F. Baker
John D. Ryan
Walter C. Teagle
Henry Ford
Frederick E. Weyerhaeuser
Myron C. Taylor
James A. Farrell
Charles M. Schwab
Eugene G. Grace
Harry M. Warner
Adolph Zukor
William H. Crocker
O. P. & M. J. Van Sweringen
W. W. Atterbury

Arthur Curtiss James
Charles Hayden
Daniel C. Jackling
Arthur V. Davis
P. G. Gossler
R. C. Holmes
John J. Raskob
Seven duPonts
Edward J. Berwind
Daniel Willard
Sosthenes Behn
Walter S. Gifford
Owen D. Young
Gerard Swope
Thomas W. Lamont
Albert H. Wiggin
Charles E. Mitchell

Samuel Insull
Seven Fisher brothers
Daniel Guggenheim
William Loeb
George Washington Hill
Adolph S. Ochs
William Randolph Hearst
Robert R. McCormick
Joseph M. Patterson
Julius Rosenwald
Cyrus H. K. Curtis
Roy W. Howard
Sidney Z. Mitchell
Walter Edwin Frew
A. P. Giannini
William Green
Matthew Woll



TABER



WALLACE



O'NEAL



BUNTING



SPELLMAN



C. P. TAFT



WISE



WHITE



LEWIS



MURRAY

So Mr. Gerard sticks close to his original thesis. I have been thinking this over ever since we talked, and with due respect for Mr. Gerard's vast and intimate knowledge of such matters, I disagree.

Mr. Gerard is a capitalist of capitalists, but it seems to me that he takes altogether too Marxist a view. Certainly I would not deny the importance of wealth and vested interests in our politics and economy; but to assert that the entire United States, with its vast proliferation of complex and interlocked forces, is nothing more than a colony of J. P. Morgan & Co., is a fantastic exaggeration. One could give many reasons why Wall Street has lost the position it held in the 1920's and will never regain it—the crash, the depression, the social agencies set up

by the New Deal, and various regulatory devices like the Securities and Exchange Commission.

In addition to such forces, time has had its effect on Mr. Gerard's original list. Many who were on it have died—Mellon, Ford, Adolph Ochs, the Van Sweringens, Atterbury, Insull, George Washington Hill, Joseph M. Patterson, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, J. P. Morgan himself, and Julius Rosenwald among them. And a good many others—Owen D. Young, Charles E. Mitchell, the Fisher brothers, John J. Raskob, to name a few—are much less active than they were seventeen years ago.

All of which has lured me into making a list of my own in terms of the nation today. My entries have not necessarily been put down in order of importance. But



GREEN



REUTHER



BRIDGES



KROLL



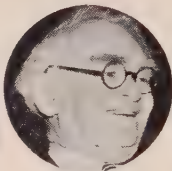
DUBINSKY



CAREY



DEWEY



CRUMP



CREAGER



BRADFORD

I have tried to organize them by groups.

First, there is the Government. Mr. Gerard to the contrary notwithstanding, I do not see how any list of this kind can exclude the President of the United States, if only because this country is distinguished from almost all others in that the office of Chief Executive is greater than any man who happens to occupy it. Consider also that a dominant factor in the history of the past two decades is the immense growth in the power of the Federal Government of which the President is head. So:

1. HARRY S. TRUMAN

Parenthetically, we may note that this list can be expanded indefinitely, like a nest of boxes, if we undertake to decide who, or

what, "runs" each person. For example, who or what runs Truman aside from Truman? But unless we want to embark on a book, and a big book, I'm afraid we must exclude such considerations.

If Roosevelt were still President, my Number Two and Number Three choices would be Jesse H. Jones and Harry L. Hopkins. Each had enormous power of a very concrete kind; also, as it happened, they represented sharply opposed philosophies. When we turn to the Truman circle we do not find anyone dominating quite so obviously. Up to November, 1946, my choice for Number Two to Truman would have been Leslie Biddle, who was then clerk of the Senate. He is still close to Truman, but his pivotal importance, for example in putting legislation



CURLEY



KENNELLY



STASSEN



ROBERTS



KNOWLAND



ROCKEFELLER



LAMONT



LEFFINGWELL



WATSON



GRACE

through Congress, has diminished. As of today—perhaps I am sticking my neck out—I would suggest:

2. CLARK CLIFFORD, executive assistant to the President.

3. JOHN M. SNYDER, Secretary of the Treasury

4. JAMES F. BYRNES — even though he is out of office at the moment.

Under Roosevelt I would have included one cabinet minister above all, Harold L. Ickes. Under Truman, I would name:

5. GEORGE C. MARSHALL, Secretary of State.

The Washington scene includes so many people with spoons in the pot of power that it is difficult to proceed. But I do not see how anybody could omit:

6. FRED M. VINSON, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Again, if Roosevelt were President. I should have named at least one other Supreme Court Justice, Felix Frankfurter.

7. ADMIRAL WILLIAM D. LEAHY, Chief of Staff to the President.

Let's turn to the Senate. Since in the last analysis they control the fate of legislation once it has reached the congressional stage, we must include men like:

8. ROBERT A. TAFT, Senator from Ohio.

9. ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG, Senator from Michigan.

10. ALBEN W. BARKLEY, Senator from Kentucky. The great services of this adroit operator are often neglected.

11. WAYNE MORSE of Oregon—as an example of a dissident Republican liberal. George Aiken of Vermont or Charles Tobey of



WILSON



FORD



SHANKS



BOETTCHER



GIFFORD

New Hampshire might also be named.

I would then include two men of a totally different type, the first as the best example available of a senator representing a special interest, the second because he speaks for extreme conservatism:

12. PAT McCARRAN of Nevada.

13. WALTER F. GEORGE of Georgia.

Power, it is hardly necessary to explain, can be negative as well as positive. The silver bloc, of which McCarran is spokesman (I might just as well have chosen a senator representing sugar, cotton, or some other vested interest) has tremendous veto power. As to George (I might have named Byrd or any of a dozen other Southern senators), all that need be said is that the Southern wing of conservative Democrats, operating in conjunction with Tory Republicans, has been for years and still is the chief brake on our national progress.

Among Representatives I would limit myself to three:

14. JOSEPH W. MARTIN, JR.,

Speaker of the House—who has importance only by reason of his job.

15. SAM RAYBURN of Texas.

16. JOHN TABER of New York, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee. He is in a position to starve any public service, and his proclivity for doing so is notorious.

In still another public field:

17. HENRY A. WALLACE

If this choice is puzzling, reflect simply that if Mr. Wallace should decide to form a third party between now and 1948, he can ruin completely whatever chance Mr. Truman may have for re-election.

Let's now go outside the actual structure of government and into the chokingly thick underbrush of the various pressure groups:

18. EDWARD A. O'NEAL, President of the American Farm Bureau Federation.

19. EARL BUNTING, current president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Mr. Bunting has no importance in himself; he serves, however, as a symbol of the



ALDRICH



SCHRAM



PEW



DULLES



ECCLES

big business interests represented by NAM generally.

Also, because they so manifestly symbolize special communities of great power and influence:

20. CARDINAL SPELLMAN

21. CHARLES P. TAFT, President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

22. RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE And:

23. WALTER F. WHITE, Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. What "power" has Mr. White? Reflect simply that the balance of power in no fewer than seventeen states depends on the Negro vote.

Among labor leaders I would choose at least eight:

24. JOHN L. LEWIS

25. PHILIP MURRAY

26. WILLIAM GREEN

27. WALTER REUTHER

28. HARRY BRIDGES

29. JACK KROLL, head of the C.I.O. Political Action Committee.

30. DAVID DUBINSKY

31. JAMES B. CAREY, secretary of the C.I.O.

Now we turn to men who are prominent regionally as well as nationally:

32. THOMAS E. DEWEY, Governor of New York.

33. ED CRUMP of Tennessee—as an example of the old-style boss who gets out the vote.

34. R. B. CREAGER of Texas—as an example of a *Republican* boss in the South.

35. ROBERT F. BRADFORD, Governor of Massachusetts.

36. JAMES MICHAEL CURLEY, Mayor of Boston (a political power even in prison).

37. MARTIN H. KENNELLY, the new Mayor of Chicago, plus whatever remains of the old Kelly-Nash machine.

Also, because of his broad enlivening influence and steady growth in national stature, though he holds no office:

38. HAROLD E. STASSEN of Minnesota.

I would risk putting in here two newspaper men who have profound influence in two vital states:

39. ROY A. ROBERTS of the *Kansas City (Missouri) Star*.



McCORMICK



HEARST



GALLUP



SARNOFF



LUCE

40. JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND of the *Oakland* (California) *Tribune*.

I have said that Mr. Gerard overemphasizes the importance of tycoons, yet for the plainest reasons at least a dozen must go in:

41. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

42. THOMAS W. LAMONT

43. RUSSELL LEFFINGWELL, of J. P. Morgan & Co.

44. THOMAS J. WATSON of International Business Machines.

45. EUGENE G. GRACE of Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

46. CHARLES E. WILSON of General Motors Corporation.

47. HENRY FORD II

48. CARROLL M. SHANKS, president of the Prudential Insurance Co. Oddly enough, Mr. Gerard included no insurance man on his list, though the importance of insurance in the national economy is obvious and tremendous.

49. CLAUDE K. BOETTCHER, Denver sugar magnate.

50. WALTER S. GIFFORD of A.T. & T.

51. WINTHROP W. ALDRICH

52. EMIL SCHRAM, president of the New York Stock Exchange.

And, because of his direct financial relation to politics:

53. JOSEPH N. PEW, JR., of Pennsylvania and the Sun Oil Co.

In another special category, because he represents big-money law as well as anyone, and because of his influence on Republican concepts of foreign policy:

54. JOHN FOSTER DULLES

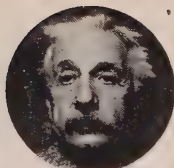
Now let us recollect that the New Deal governed this country for thirteen years and had a lasting effect on its political, social, and economic structure. This is still an age where the more predatory magnates *can* be curbed, and still a country with a highly effective system of controls, even though they are not always used. Consider such agencies—some of them were, of course, in existence before the New Deal—as the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the Civil Aeronautics Authority, the Federal Power Commission (with its regulatory authority over private power rates), the Federal Trade Commission, the Farm Security Administration, the For-



LILIENTHAL



CONANT



EINSTEIN



STIMSON

estry Service, the Indian Bureau, the Department of Interior officials who run Bonneville and Grand Coulee, the Social Security Administration, the Commodity Credit Corporation. All these we may lump in one category:

55. The long-suffering, underpaid, overworked, public-spirited, conscientious, all-but-anonymous WASHINGTON BUREAUCRAT without whom the wheels of this country would not turn. [Pictured is MARLINER S. ECCLES, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board.]

As long as it remains a democracy, the United States is run in the last analysis by opinion. Basically the determinant of all political behavior is the intellectual climate. The temptation here is to include names ranging from that of the editor of the *New York Times* to Archibald MacLeish, from Walter Lippmann to Eleanor Roosevelt to Raymond Swing. I limit myself to the following. You may not like one or two, but they cannot be ignored:

56. COLONEL ROBERT R. McCORMICK of the *Chicago Tribune*.

57. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

58. GEORGE H. GALLUP—as a representative of something new since Mr. Gerard's time, the cult of the poll.

59. DAVID SARNOFF, president of the Radio Corporation of America.

60. HENRY R. LUCE

Let's not forget that this is the atomic age. Not only for his work on TVA, a monument which should last as long as America, but because he is chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, I name:

61. DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

And because the future of the United States and the world may well depend on science in the abstract as well as in the concrete:

62. JAMES BRYANT CONANT of Harvard University.

63. ALBERT EINSTEIN

Finally we approach Mr. Gerard's total of 64. Only seven of his list survive. Let us conclude with an elder statesman:

64. HENRY L. STIMSON, former Secretary of War. **END**



Capa is easy-going, compassionate, courageous. His pictures tell their own tragic story.

by John Hersey

Author Review

47

THE MAN WHO INVENTED HIMSELF

The author reviewed: Robert Capa
His book: *Slightly Out of Focus*

CAPA, the photographer who is credited by his colleagues and competitors with having taken the greatest pictures of the second World War, does not exist. Capa is an invention. There is a thing in the shape of a man—short, swarthy, and carrying itself as if braced for something, with spaniel's eyes, a carefully cynical upper lip, and good luck in the whole face; and this thing walks along and calls itself Capa and is famous. Yet it has no actuality. It is an invention all the time and in all respects.

Capa was invented in 1935. In that year, in Paris, a certain Andrei Friedmann was a photographer in one way: he owned a

camera. Mostly he carried this instrument—a Leica, with one lens and one button to push—to and from a pawnshop. The camera spent three weeks in pledge at the shop to each week it spent in Friedmann's hands. To facilitate the camera's commutation, the obscure photographer rented an office adjacent to the pawnbroker's; this took what little money he had but simplified the hocking and unhocking. These transactions became monotonous. One evening Friedmann and his sweetheart, a girl named Gerda, had an idea.

Andrei and Gerda decided to form an association of three people. Gerda, who worked in a picture agency, was to serve as secretary and sales representative; Andrei was to be a darkroom hired hand; and these two were to be employed by a rich, famous, and

• *Slightly Out of Focus, to be published this month by Henry Holt & Co., is a collection of war photographs with personal narrative by the man who took them.*

talented (and imaginary) American photographer named Robert Capa, then allegedly visiting France. The "three" went to work. Friedmann took the pictures, Gerda sold them, and credit was given the nonexistent Capa. Since this Capa was supposed to be so rich, Gerda refused to let his pictures go to any French newspaper for less than 150 francs apiece—three times the prevailing rate.

The strikes and civil disturbances associated with the growing Front Populaire afforded the unreal American and his darkroom man opportunities to make amazing pictures, and for a few months there was a kind of Capa craze. Money poured in. The association was happy, for Capa loved Gerda, Gerda loved Andrei, Andrei loved Capa, and Capa loved Capa. (The fourth of these attachments, incidentally, has persisted as one of the most wholesome and fruitful romances of the Twentieth Century.) Whenever Capa failed to get an important picture, Gerda made excuses to the editors. "That bastard has run off to the Côte d'Azur again," she would say, "with an actress." Once, when things grew dull, Gerda wrote to an American photographic agency that Capa was a rich, famous, and talented *French* photographer, and soon, in return for his pictures,

checks began arriving from the United States.

Late that spring, at a meeting of the League of Nations in Geneva, the freshly beaten Negus of Abyssinia was permitted to speak to the world for the last time. While he was speaking, a dozen Italian correspondents in a balcony at some distance from the speaker began to make loud and insulting noises. A scuffle took place. Most of the photographers were satisfied with pictures taken from far away. When the Italians were finally and roughly ejected by some Swiss policemen, the great American photographer Capa was naturally on hand at the doorway to get the only close-ups of the day. What the great American photographer did not know was that, at the moment of ejection, M. Lucien Vogel, editor of the French illustrated periodical *Vue*, was standing there watching the whole thing. *Vue* was Capa's principal outlet. Three days later, when the close-ups reached M. Vogel's desk, the editor picked up his phone and called Gerda.

Gerda said, "Mr. Capa says the Geneva picture will cost 300 francs."

"This is all very interesting about Robert Capa," Vogel said, "but please advise the ridiculous boy Friedmann who goes around



The Brave: A G.I. falling in the surf off Omaha Beach.

shooting pictures in a dirty leather jacket to report to my office at nine tomorrow morning."

That was the end of a certain amount of Capa. But not all. The

Spanish Civil War broke out. Vogel hired a special plane in which to fly down from France, and he took the ridiculous boy and Gerda with him. At Barcelona the plane



The Dead: Body of an American soldier framed in a Normandy doorway.

crashed, and Vogel broke his collarbone; the boy and Gerda broke nothing. First the photographer and Gerda, who were now married, went to the mountains of Catalonia; and then to Andalusia, where, in August, the first real battles of the war took place. During one of them, the photographer was in a trench with a company of Republican volunteers, fanatical but ignorant fighters, who shouted, "*Viva la República!*," jumped up over their parapet, and charged toward a professionally-emplaced Fascist machine gun. Capa stayed behind; many were killed; the rest came back. The survivors took some pot shots with their rifles in the general direction of the machine gun, and because it did not answer they decided they had knocked it out. They cheered, jumped, and charged again, with exactly the same results.

They repeated this gallant and ingenuous procedure several times, until finally, as they charged, the photographer timidly raised his camera to the top of the parapet, and without looking, but at the instant of the first machine-gun burst, pressed the button. He sent the film to Paris undeveloped. Two months later he was notified that Capa was now in truth a famous, talented, and nearly rich photographer; for the random snapshot

had turned out to be a clear picture of a brave man in the act of falling dead as he ran, and it had been published, over the name Capa, in newspapers all over the world. From then on Friedmann was Capa.

Gerda and Capa covered Madrid through the winter; and in the spring they went to the Asturias and stayed with the encircled Basque Republicans until the army was nearly pushed into the sea. Gerda was killed in the battle of Brunete. Capa went to China.

In China, that summer of 1938, Capa found bureaucrats, restrictions, and very little fighting. He met two remarkable American military men—Stilwell and Evans Carlson. The latter led Capa on foot for eleven days until they reached a town called Taierchwan, where they observed the only significant Chinese victory of the entire war.

In time Capa learned that Capa, because of his pictures of this victory, had become a famous *international* war photographer.

He returned to Europe and to Spain, where he stayed until the end of the civil war, in January, 1939. For a short time after that, there were no wars at all. When Hitler's war broke out, Capa discovered that his corporeal reality, Andrei Friedmann, had been born



on the wrong side, in Hungary. For this reason, the French government took his cameras away from him. He went to America and bought new cameras. America

got into the war and took the new ones away from him. But still he managed, by various means, to be sent out as a war correspondent with the American forces. By this

The Grief-stricken: The women of Naples mourn their sons, killed in the premature uprising just before liberation



After the war ended, he invented still another Capa, a Hollywood moving picture director, whose principal reality was a weekly paycheck from Universal-International Pictures with the words Robert Capa on it; this charade was quite convincing until Capa's first option came up. He next invented a movie actor—an Egyptian pimp's servant in a movie called *Temptation*. Capa then invented Capa the writer; in this contrivance he will have been found out the minute *Slightly Out of Focus* is read.

Capa is so thoroughly an invention himself that no one can tell a story about him without adding the fabrication which is due him. Even the true stories about Capa have a fictional quality. There was the time, for instance, in March, 1945, when Capa was "sealed" at an airbase near Arras along with other famous correspondents, just before an operation by the 17th Airborne in which Capa was to participate. Capa appeared at the base public relations office and announced that he wanted whiskey. The public relations officer said that whiskey was not permitted on the base for twenty-four hours

feat he invented the first and only enemy alien Allied war correspondent; and this invention took the superb pictures and had the bizarre adventures in Capa's book.

before a mission. Capa asked to use the telephone. The P.R.O. threatened to pull the phone out of the wall if Capa reached for it; the base was under a blanket of absolute secrecy. Capa left. A few minutes later he returned and said casually, "I found a telephone."

A couple of hours later the chief public relations officer from the headquarters of Lieutenant General Lewis Brereton landed at the field; his errand was to unload a case of whiskey for Capa. A couple of hours after *that*, a silver plane circled the field and landed, and General Brereton himself stepped out, brushed past the nervous commanding officer of the base, greeted Capa, and asked him if he'd got his whiskey all right.

Capa is not so perfectly invented that he escapes making mistakes. One of the qualities Friedmann devised for Capa was that of absolute nonchalance. Toward the end of the war, having seen terrible wartime sights in Spain, China, Spain again, France, the London blitz, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France again, and Germany, he wanted above all things to cover the Armistice. "To me," he had said, "war is like an aging actress—more and more dangerous and less and less photogenic;" he wanted to take photographs of peace. One night he was playing

poker at SHAEF headquarters while waiting for the Armistice assignment. A P.R.O. came in and said cryptically, "I've got a little job for you, Capa." "*Little job?*" said Capa. "Don't bother Capa. Capa is playing cards." The P.R.O. gave the "little job" to another photographer, and Capa missed the Armistice.

It took no invention, only his experiences, to give Capa one attribute which lends universality to his work. Capa is really international. One evening, at a party in New York, Capa was entertaining everyone with his sparkling epigrammatic fictions, and he spoke seven or eight languages, all of them—including his supposedly native tongue, Hungarian—with atrocious accents. At last the photographer, David Scherman, asked him, "Capa, what language do you *think* in, anyhow?" This question not only baffled Capa; it seemed to depress him. He retired to a corner, and said nothing more all evening. For two days no one saw him. Finally David Scherman received a phone call from an elated Capa. "Now I know!" Capa said. "I think in pictures."

Despite all his inventions and postures, Capa has, somewhere at his center, a reality. This is his talent—which is compounded of humaneness, courage, taste, a ro-

mantic flair, a callous attitude toward mere technique, an instinct for what is appropriate, and an ability to relax. At the very core, he even has modesty. He has the intuition of a gambler: on Omaha Beach, while crouching terrified behind a tank, Capa suddenly realized he would be far safer on the open sand than behind such a target, and he moved out into the clear. His courage is partly this apprehension of the odds, and partly innate; one of the finest tributes he ever got was from an enlisted parachutist of the 82nd Airborne, who, a moment before jumping into battle from his plane, in which Capa was taking pictures, said, "I wouldn't have your job for anything—too damn dangerous."

Capa has humor. He has a clear idea of what makes a great picture: "It is a cut out of the whole event," he says, "which will show more of the real truth of the affair to some one who was not there than the whole scene."

Above all—and this is what shows in his pictures—Capa, who has spent so much of his energy on inventions for his own person, has deep, human sympathy for men and women trapped in reality. . . . Because of all these things about Capa, real and unreal, *Slightly Out of Focus* will very likely remain as the greatest one-man portfolio of photographs ever assembled of World War II. The text is just the inventor's inventions about himself. **END**

47 *Pre-print*

Left-Handed Literature

After a series of severe attacks of writer's cramp, the author wrote:

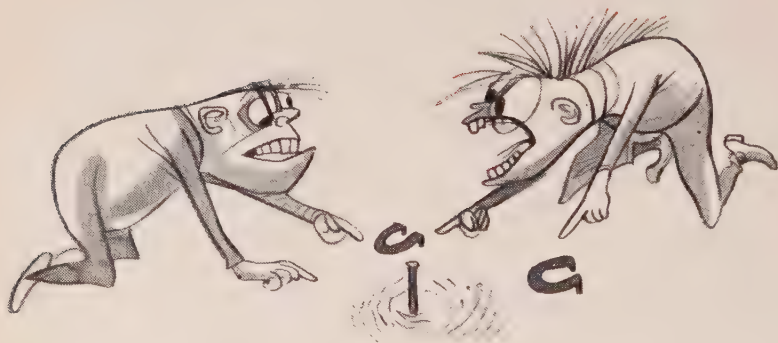
I had to learn to write with the left, not so irksome to me as it would be to most, for I am naturally left-handed (and still kick with the left foot) . . . Nevertheless, there is not the same joy in writing with the left hand as with the right. One thinks down the right arm, while the left is at best an amanuensis. The right has the happier nature, the left is naturally sinister. I write things with the left, or to put the matter I think more correctly, it writes things with me that the right would have expressed more humanely. I never, so far as I can remember, wrote uncomfortable tales like *Dear Brutus* and *Mary Rose* till I crossed over to my other hand. I could not have written these, as they are, with my right hand any more than I could have written *Quality Street* with my left.

—J. M. Barrie

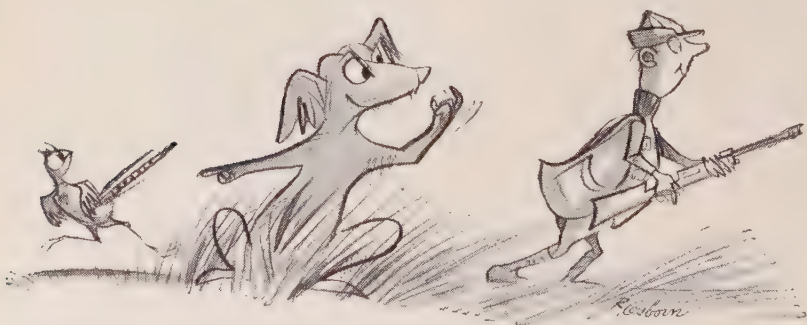
From *Letters of J. M. Barrie*, edited by Viola Meynell (Scribner's),
to be published this month.

Pour le Sport

by R. Osborn



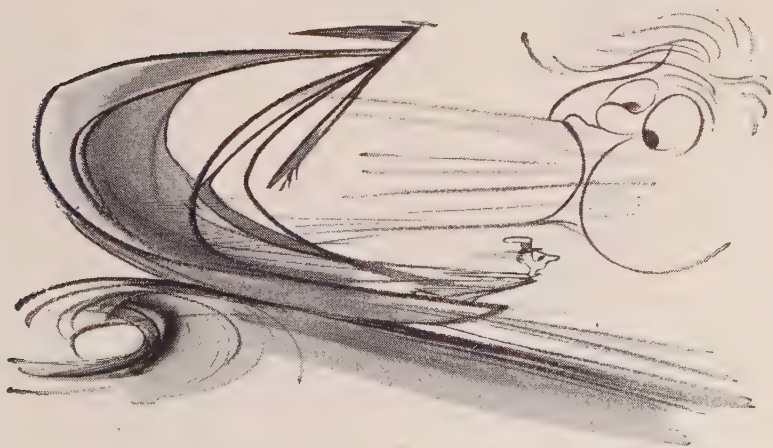
Burned at the Stake



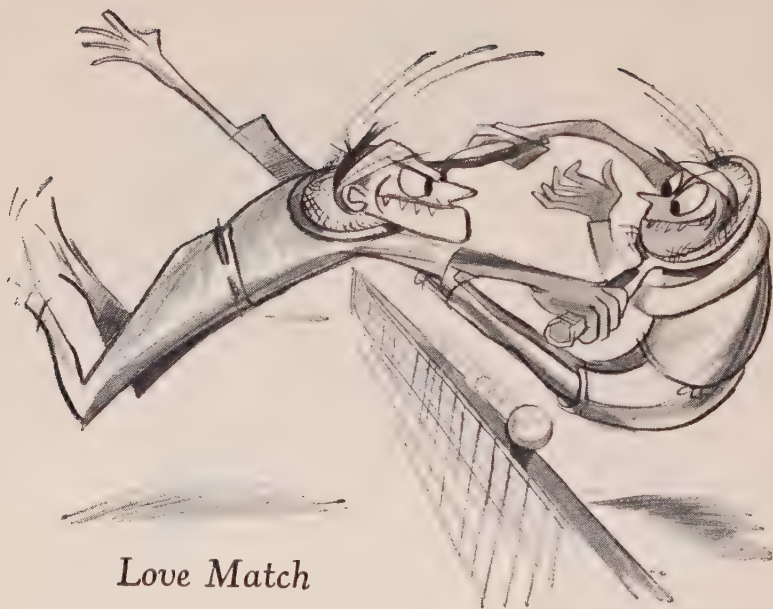
Point Blank



A Nibble



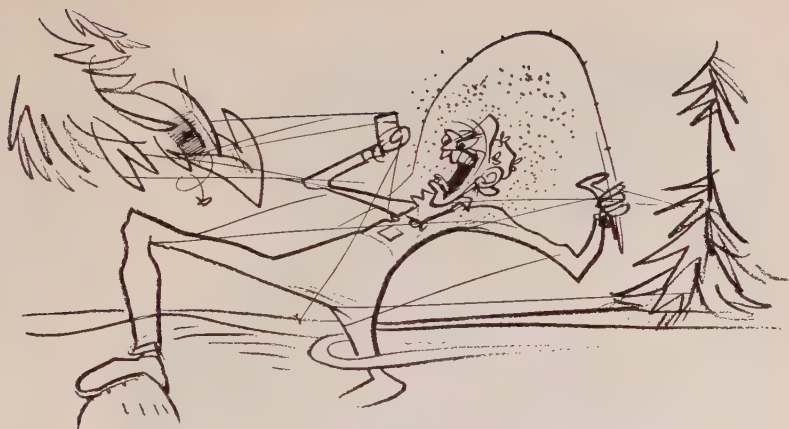
Winds: Gentle to Moderate



Love Match



No Gain



The Compleat Anger



One Down, One Up



Six mobsters brutally shot down in a garage helped shock us into recognizing—and halting—our plunge into barbarism

INTERNATIONAL

IT HAPPENED IN ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE

When gang wars were a worldwide symbol of American violence

by Herbert Asbury

The Chicago underworld was a symbol of America's '20's when, for a time, the gangsters seemed to be the spearhead of a new barbarism. But today the most dramatic episode of that era can be presented as a chapter out of America's growing up—a reminder of American potentiality for violence.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO the 2100 block on North Clark Street in Chicago was, as far as appearances went, exactly like a thousand other blocks in the Windy City—a few small stores, a garage or two, a couple of newsstands, and two rows of red brick and graystone buildings. But there was this difference: the garage at 2122 North Clark was actually not a garage at all. It was the principal “drop,” or distribution center, of the notorious North Side gang of bootleggers, hijackers, and beer run-

ners founded by Dion O'Banion, and captained successively, after O'Banion had been murdered, by Hymie Weiss, reputed originator of the “one-way ride”, Vincent (Schemer) Drucci, and George (Bugs) Moran. It was also the scene of the most merciless slaughter in the history of Chicago's prohibition wars.

On the morning of February 14, 1929, there were seven men in the garage. Six, most of them with long criminal records, were members of Moran's gang—Frank and Peter Gusenberg, Adam Hyers, John May, Alfred Weinshank, and James Clark, whose real name was Albert Kashellak. The seventh was a young optometrist, Dr. Reinhart M. Schwimmer, who lived at the Parkway Hotel, a block or so from the garage. Dr. Schwimmer's connection with the Moran gang was never made clear. But he was known to have been an old friend

of Moran's and of the Gusenberg brothers, and according to the Chicago police had often boasted of having a financial interest in Moran's enterprises. Dr. Schwimmer's intimacy with the gangsters was more or less a matter of general knowledge, and he is said to have had remarkably little difficulty collecting his bills.

WITH THE EXCEPTION of John May, who appears to have been working on a jacked-up truck, the gangsters were lounging in a recess formed by a couple of empty trucks and the wall of a small storeroom, which jutted out from the north wall of the building. A police dog, owned by May, was tied to one of the trucks. Although only one revolver was found in the garage, it is reasonable to suppose that most, if not all, of the gangsters were heavily armed.

In the first place, life in Chicago was too precarious for any man engaged in the liquor business to travel without a gun. In the second place, at noon Frank and Peter Gusenberg and several others were to drive to Detroit and pick up three truck-loads of whiskey which had been smuggled in from Canada, and that was no sort of trip to make without weapons.

They were all waiting for Moran, who was to give them final in-

structions. Moran had said that he and Henry Gusenberg would leave the Parkway Hotel a little after ten o'clock. Another member of the gang, Willie Marks, was on his way to the garage from downtown.

Sometime between ten and ten-thirty o'clock, Mrs. Max Landesman, ironing in her kitchen on the second floor of the building which adjoined the garage on the north, heard a crash in the street. She ran to her front window and peered out in time to see what had happened. A delivery truck, driven by a young man named Elmer Lewis, had brushed against a large black touring car which Mrs. Landesman recognized as a police car—it had a gong on the running board and a gunrack on the back of the front seat, and was occupied by five men, two of whom were wearing police uniforms. One of the latter wore horn-rimmed glasses with dark lenses. Mrs. Landesman saw Lewis draw up to the curb, while the driver of the police car got out to examine a smashed fender.

"Oh, my," said Mrs. Landesman to herself, "that poor truck driver's in trouble now!"

But when Lewis climbed down from his truck and started back toward the scene of the collision, the driver of the police car

laughed and waved him away. Curious, Mrs. Landesman watched while the police automobile pulled up to the door of the garage and the five men got out and went inside the building. She noticed that although the day was not cold, all of them wore overcoats closely buttoned to the neck. Then, having seen everything there was to see, she returned to her ironing.

Mrs. Landesman selected a shirt, sprinkled it, and laid it on the ironing board. But she got no further. From the garage next door came the blasting roar of shotguns and the drumming rattle of machine guns. She hurried to her front window, and a moment later the five men emerged from the garage. One ran ahead and got behind the wheel of the touring car. The two in civilian clothing stumbled across the sidewalk with their hands above their heads. Behind them came the two in police uniforms, with revolvers in their hands. They boarded the car and the machine rolled slowly south on North Clark Street, gradually picking up speed.

Mrs. Landesman ran downstairs and into the street. She opened the front door of the garage and peered in. She saw nothing, and heard nothing save the lugubrious howling of John May's police dog. But she stopped a man who was

passing and told him she was sure something terrible had happened.

"I heard a lot of shooting," she explained, "and then all those cops came out."

"I'll see," the man said.

He went boldly into the garage, but soon came running out.

"My God!" he cried. "It's full of dead men! They're all over the place!"

He hurried away. The neighbors began to gather around the door of the garage, but none ventured in. They stood silent, listening to the howling of the dog. Finally the police came. Some twenty feet from the recess where the Moran gangsters had awaited their leader, they came upon Frank Gusenberg. He was still alive, although he had been struck by fourteen machine gun bullets and several shotgun slugs, and was desperately trying to crawl toward the front door, a trail of blood marking his course. He was taken to Alexian Brothers Hospital, and Police Lieutenant Thomas Loftus, who had known him since boyhood, was sent to sit beside his bed, waiting for him to regain consciousness.

THE POLICE WENT ON into the garage. They found six dead men, each with fifteen to twenty machine gun bullets in his body, the flesh of each ripped by shotgun

slugs. Four—May, Schwimmer, Hycers, and Weinshank—had fallen backward; they lay at full length, faces up, bodies rigid. Weinshank's revolver, the only gun found in the garage, lay beside him. Clark had plunged along the wall, his bloody hands clutching at the bricks; he lay face downward. Peter Gusenberg had fallen across a chair; he knelt there, on his knees, as if he had been praying. But he was dead. Frank Gusenberg had fallen in a corner near the storeroom: when the murderers left he started to

crawl. The dog was unharmed, but it kept on howling until the police took it to the city pound.

From the positions of the bodies, and the fact that every man had been shot in the back, the police were able to reconstruct the massacre. The gangsters obviously were not expecting trouble; otherwise they would have posted a guard at the front door of the garage. It was clear, too, that when the five men walked in, the gangsters thought they were policemen. There was nothing about a visit from Chicago policemen to alarm

The 1920's: Dion O'Banion's lush public funeral represented gangland's supreme arrogance. This year a few relatives buried Al Capone in five minutes



a prohibition gangster. Sometimes the cops, on orders from their superiors, made arrests and even confiscated liquor. Sometimes they wanted to borrow a few dollars, or cadge a few bottles of liquor.

But this visit didn't go off in the usual manner. The Gusenbergs and their comrades had scarcely said hello before the visitors drew shotguns and machine guns from beneath their overcoats and ordered the gangsters to line up against the wall. Apparently, one went along the line, disarming the men and dropping their pistols—all but Weinshank's, which fell to the floor—into his overcoat pocket. Then, while the gangsters waited, the five men stood shoulder-to-shoulder and levelled their guns.

Had the killers waited five minutes longer before entering the garage, they could have included George Moran, Willie Marks, and Henry Gusenberg among their victims. It has always seemed obvious that Moran was the man they were really after; gangland, in fact, considered the expedition something of a failure because Moran hadn't been killed. The police learned later that for ten days prior to the massacre three men had kept close watch upon the Moran headquarters from windows across the street; the killers went into action when these spies re-

ported that Moran had arrived at the garage. Apparently they mistook Weinshank for Moran; the two men resembled each other, and on St. Valentine's morning Weinshank was clad in a gray topcoat and tan fedora hat such as Moran ordinarily wore.

But Moran was a little late leaving the Parkway Hotel and took a short cut through an alley. Just as he was about to emerge into Clark Street he saw what he supposed was a police car stop in front of the garage and the five men go inside. He returned to the hotel and warned Henry Gusenberg that the cops were making a token raid of some sort, and both men remained at the Parkway. Willie Marks got off a Clark Street trolley car about a block from the garage, and saw the car standing in front of the building; apparently he arrived a few minutes after the shooting, for he heard nothing. He started to note the license number of the car, when the five men came out of the building. He was too far away to recognize anyone, but supposed that the two men with their hands up were his comrades. Fearing arrest, he ducked into a doorway.

At the hospital, Frank Gusenberg had a moment of consciousness, and Lieutenant Loftus leaned over him.

"Frank," he said, "your brother

Pete is dead and you're dying. Tell me who shot you."

"It was coppers done it," said Gusenberg. "Coppers. That's all I know. It was coppers."

He said no more. After three hours he died.

The fact that the killers used a police car, or at least a car closely resembling a police machine, and the further fact that two of them wore police uniforms, confused both the public and the detectives who worked on the case. New theories were advanced in the newspapers every day, and police and prohibition officials issued predictions by the dozen. But the only statement that really made sense was George Moran's:

"What's the use of all this holierin'? Everybody knows who did it. Only Capone's gang kills like that."

The police were soon convinced that Moran was right. But Capone had an airtight alibi; at the time the murders were committed he was in Miami, Florida, talking to the District Attorney of Dade County. But it was established, although it is doubtful if the police could ever have proved it in court, that the murder car had been driven by Joseph Guinta, head of the *Unione Siciliana*, and that two of the machine guns had been handled by John Scalisi and

Albert Anselmi, notorious even in gangland as cold-blooded killers. They had killed Dion O'Banion and Hymie Weiss, and had probably shot Frankie Uale, or Yale; for years they had been Capone's most trusted trigger-men.

About three months after the massacre, the bodies of Anselmi, Scalisi, and Guinta were found in an automobile in Douglas Park, Chicago. Each of the men had been terribly beaten and shot half a dozen times. Evidence gathered by the police indicated they had been killed at Capone's order while attending a banquet given by Capone to celebrate the victory over the Moran gang. It was generally believed that Capone had put the three men on the spot as the price of peace with Moran, and it is true that after the killing of Scalisi and Anselmi the Moran and Capone gangs lived in amity. But there was a contributing reason for the slaughter of Capone's prized gunmen. After the killing of the seven Moran men Scalisi, in particular, had been throwing his weight around. More than once he had been heard to remark:

"I am the most powerful man in Chicago."

That was an insult that Al Capone would take from no one, least of all from a member of his own gang.

END



All in a day's work as Harley McCollum, New York Yankees, tries to stop Miami's Alan Reece

THE LURE OF THE GAME

Action at night in color photographs

by Hy Peskin





Even the referee yields to his enthusiasm as two New York Giants crash offside with a Chicago Bears' ball carrier underneath. Hy Peskin says: "These pictures are the result of my being the first photographer to rig a color camera with enough lights to shoot action at night—and carry it." Professional football, which once aped the colleges with brass bands and cheer leaders, is now a booming sport with its own wildly partisan alumni, while the "amateur" game has adopted the pro style of play.



3,500,000 fans last season enabled pro grid stars to earn \$5,000 to \$15,000 per season. George Frank (above), New York Giants, collects \$10,000 for charging around end three months a year, or roughly, \$100 per charge.

THE LURE OF THE GAME

— at present prices

**The old school tie—and \$7,000—were
too much for Hinkydink**

by John Lardner

Mr. Wilfred Armstrong
Athletic Dept.
North Stoaat U.

Dear Coach:

It will surprise you to know that I am willing to play football for you this year, because you remember, and I remember, as who don't remember, that in 1938, that's nine years ago, after three seasons with the Green Bay Packers, I said I was all through with the game and would never play either pro or college football again. The AP carried a story about it: "Skinner is through with grid." Two things have come up that have changed my mind. One thing is that my nephew got \$7,000 for playing a college season down in Carolina last year, that is, \$7,000 in the bank in his name. Room and board were of course taken care of over and above that. He was snapped up as soon as he came out of the army. Now, coach, \$7,000 is more than I made as a pro, it is more than I cleared all last year making book, and at the present rates for college football since the war ended, I can't afford not to play football. The other thing which will make this move easy both for me and you is that I don't call myself Skinner any more, I have resumed my natal name of Lardner. I did use the name Lardner playing football at Yale, Harvard, and Southern California, but that was so long

ago that nobody remembers any more. Not that I didn't play a hell of a lot of football for Yale, Harvard, and S. C.—you recall how I broke your nose when you were with Dartmouth in '27—but I was even better later on under the name of Skinner, so that's how people remember me.

Incidentally, coach, maybe this is something you didn't know. Maybe you didn't know that I once played some football for Carlisle, that's the Carlisle Indians, under the name of John J. Miserable Afternoon. You look up the old newspapers and you will find that Miserable Afternoon was rated just as good a football player as Jim Thorpe or Afraid-of-a-Bear. Nobody ever stopped me. Pudge Heffelfinger in his memoirs said he stopped me once, when he was with Yale, but it was Thorpe he stopped, not me. Read my own memoirs. I tell the true story of the play. Warner was coaching us then, and I said to him one day, "Listen, coach, we could get a lot of results if we beat the whistle by, say, five or ten yards on each play."

"But you would be offside," said Warner.

"All right, we would be breaking a football rule," I told him, "but who says the football rules are Constitutional? We could take this offside rule to the highest court in the land, keep right on appealing, and by the time it gets to the Supreme Court, we have an undefeated season."

"Listen, Afternoon," Warner said, "you are too cute for your own good. Please go bother someone else."

What he meant was, I was twenty years ahead of my time. And compared to present prices for college football players, I was getting peanuts.

Would you say that Charlie Trippi is a better football player than me, coach? As you know, Trippi went back to Georgia last year when he got out of the war, and he was all-American and lived like a king down there, where a dollar goes a long way. He got tired of college, like I used to do once in a while, and signed up with a pro club in Chicago. Now, here is why modern football is such a wonderful life, why I would like to get back in it. Trippi was signed with the Chicago club, the Cardinals, but the New York Yankee football club wanted him too. So they asked Trippi if he would come to New York and

listen to an offer, with a banquet on the side and all the reporters called in to meet him. Charlie said sure.

He is always glad to listen to offers, even if he can't take them. He came to New York, and they had the party, with Trippi shaking hands with the president of the Yankees for the photographers. Then he told them he was already signed with Chicago, and everybody went home.

The competition for a football player like myself or Trippi or Frank Sinkwich or Buddy Young is terrific since the war. I am not just trying to make a better deal for myself with you, coach, when I say that I could have played ball with Dixie Military for at least \$6,500 this year. It would have been a kind of a nice gesture—I played for them in 1922, until I met my first wife and switched to Texas A. and M. to be near her folks. But here is the trouble with playing at Dixie nowadays, and it shows why you can't be sentimental.

The coach down there, Ben Wolgast, had five good new ball players last year. They were fine boys, they couldn't pass any courses in school, they were all ineligible, and Ben thought that nobody would notice them. But you can't keep a secret any more. Navy heard about these players. Navy is just as interested in football players these days as they are in John Paul Jones, maybe more, and the next thing Wolgast knew, his players had left him and signed up with Annapolis.

Ben lost his head and yelled for the newspaper men.

"They can't do this," he said. "How can those boys play for Navy when they ain't even passing their grades down here?"

"If they weren't passing their grades," someone asked him, "how did you expect them to play football for you?"

"That is neither here nor there," said Wolgast, but he was whipped, and he knew it. The boys went to Navy. I don't want to be trapped like that.

You were in the service yourself, coach, during the war, so you don't know how tough things were in those war years, before the big grid boom came along. Football just barely got by. It hung by the skin of the teeth. It made millions of people realize what a terrible thing war is. At the beginning of one season, the coach out at Utah called his first practice and looked over

his squad, and it was quite a shock to him. He didn't recognize anybody. All his old players were in the service. But he kept cool and did the best he could; he is a smart fellow, I wouldn't mind playing for him myself if I could stand the altitude around there.

"Everybody who shaves, step forward," he said.

Eleven kids stepped forward, and he had his first team. They say there were about fifty whiskers among the eleven. However, every few days somebody else would report proudly with a cut on his face, showing he had graduated to the razor, and Utah got through the season. I couldn't bring myself to watch a football game in those days, coach. I was sure I would never play again.

But last summer I felt the call—I mean, with a football player like me that once ran roughshod over Heffelfinger and tackled Grange behind the line of scrimmage twelve times hand running, the game gets under your skin. My nephew, who played four years for Rueful Teachers under the name of Wabelzass before the war, came out of the army and looked around. He didn't have to do much looking. He got propositions from four colleges in Pennsylvania, one in Texas, and three in the Southern Conference. He is kind of the idealistic type—he wanted to finish his football life at Notre Dame, where you practically have to play for free on account of the competition there. But one day he was walking down the street in Dayton, Ohio, where there is a Southern football scout on every corner, and a man stopped him.

"Ain't you Wabelzass?" said the scout.

"What with the four-year playing rule and one thing and another," said my nephew, a bright kid, "my name is now Wana-maker."

"That's what I mean," said the scout. "At my school, the alumni say we have got to beat Duke this year if it costs \$50,000. One tenth of that is for you, Wabelzass, I mean Wana-maker."

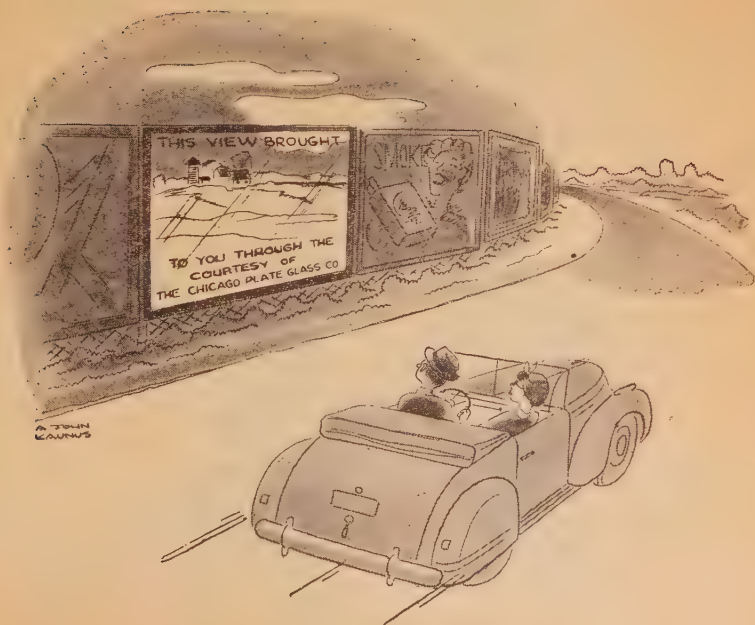
"Let's say \$7,000," said my nephew, and \$7,000 it was.

Now, coach, I am a pretty mature fellow, and all that, but even today I can play better football than my nephew Wana-

maker. Look at what the great Charlie Brickley said about me in the first edition of his memoirs: "Lardner hits hard, and he hits low." Brickley was right. They said the same thing when I played at Rutgers, V.P.I., Spearfish, Texas, Oregon, Miami, Purdue, Lehigh, Wofford, Wabash, and on the Michigan point-a-minute teams. I would be proud to cast my lot with North Stoa in 1947, under a character-builder like you, for, say, \$6,750 plus tuition. If things are tight in the bursar's office, I will waive tuition. Please let me hear from you by return mail and favor

Your old pal

John (Hinkydink) Lardner,
'00-'38 inclusive.





Illustrations by Howard Willard

*A story
by Robert Payne*

WHO WILL DIE FOR ME?

Five Chinese volunteered; six died

K. TOLD me the story yesterday evening, while we were sipping brandy. He has been with the Americans in Burma, and yet when you look at him, the pale egg-white skin and almost feminine Chinese lips, it is impossible to imagine him as a soldier.

"I was a liaison officer, and so I came to know both sides of the conflict, for there was a very real and at times bitter conflict between us Chinese and the Americans. It was not so at higher levels, though there was conflict again at the highest levels of all. The Americans were tough. They were the finest soldiers imaginable, but they had no patience with our old-fashioned generals, whose armies were often paper armies—that is, perhaps a quarter of the troops on the roll had no existence at all except to provide lists of names, and for each of these names there would be a certain amount of payment from the Central Government. And then another quarter perhaps were dying or suffering from sickness, and of the remaining half perhaps not more than a quarter were active combatants—the rest were officers, servants, orderlies, foragers, stray boys who had joined because they had nothing else to do.

"The army in those days was under the direction of General Wei Li-huang, but the strategy was largely in the hands of the Americans. The final decisions were usually made by the Americans. In general the Chinese were perfectly content that this should be so, but among some of the minor generals there was a great deal of criticism.

"One of these generals, who belonged to the old school, believed in charms. He gave charms to his officers—it was, of

course, unnecessary to give charms to his soldiers, but occasionally he would order the priest who accompanied him to make sacrificial offerings. The priest was theoretically a Taoist priest, and wore an oiled topknot, and a long black gown. He was usually barefoot, and though he ate sometimes with the general, it was quite clear that the general despised him. Whenever there were visiting officers, the priest was put away.

"I was a major in the army commanded by this general. The colonel befriended me, and we made various plans by which the soldiers could be given better blankets—you know how thin a Chinese soldier's blanket is—and we did everything we could to improve his lot, even to the extent of depriving the general of some of his proceeds from the War Department. We made it clear that we were determined that the soldiers should have a new deal. We improved their pay—partly out of our own pockets, partly out of the commanding general's—and we arranged that their rewards for capturing enemy rifles, flags, swords, and so on should be increased. The Chinese soldier lives for these things. He will attack a redoubt with astonishing bravery simply for the sake of the rifles he captures, and for which we pay a few dollars. He has no final loyalty to China; his final loyalty is to his commanding-officer. And usually it is the young commanding-officers on the field who win battles and try very often to improve the lot of the soldiers.

WE HAD BEEN TEACHING the soldiers to read one afternoon—it was a few days before the battle and we were resting just outside some farmhouses. Then the general came along in a sedan chair. There were two sedan chairs, and in the second was the Taoist priest. The priest stepped out and stood by the general while he made a speech—the perfectly normal and inevitable speech, imitating the Generalissimo's voice and accents, about our duty to the country, our passionate desire to rid the country of the Japanese, and the need for the most implicit discipline. We noticed that the Taoist priest was smiling and stroking his beard, and was behaving with unusual familiarity toward the general, even occasionally winking at him. The general smiled and asked my soldiers whether they were prepared

to die for China. The soldiers answered in chorus, and the general went on with his speech. At the end there was a short silence, and suddenly the general asked again in a much graver voice whether we were prepared to die for China. All those who were prepared to die for China were ordered to step forward. All stepped forward. The general smiled to the Taoist, and was about to step back in the sedan chair when an idea occurred to him. He smiled gravely, contemplated the soldiers for a long time, rubbed his cheek, and said: 'This is very interesting, but as a test of your loyalty to your general I have one more question to ask. Who will sacrifice his life for me?'

YOU WOULD HAVE EXPECTED perhaps that all the soldiers would step forward, but in fact there was silence. No one answered. If they had known what was about to happen, and if there had been time for them to discuss the inevitable consequences, they would have stepped forward faster than they had ever stepped forward before—they would have rushed the general and perhaps killed him, and they might even have killed the Taoist priest. Instead, they stayed where they were. After a while a curious fluttering movement occurred—there was indecision—there was a kind of deep-rooted tantalizing uncertainty—no one knew what to do. The general—and this is what made matters worse—continued to stroke his chin, looking at them, saying nothing, making curious movements of his hands towards the Taoist priest. And the uncertainty of the soldiers deepened with their increasing boredom, for they had no idea what to do or what was demanded of them, or of their consciences, except that they should stay where they were in order to avoid the most terrible catastrophe.

"Death is not so bad as boredom and uncertainty. A soldier, after being asleep all night, lying on the wet ground, covered only with his thin cotton uniform and his thinner blanket, fights because the nights and the days are an infinity of boredom. We engage battle at dawn, at the moment when boredom has reached its maximum, and more often than not at the moment before dawn, when the interminable boredom has reached a point of excruciating intensity. We fight, then, not for our coun-

try, but because we are lonely beyond words, because nothing is left to us, because it seems to us at that moment that life can no longer be endured unless we make a noise, run, shout, and murder.

"For perhaps five minutes the soldiers stood there. I assure you there are times when five minutes are endless. And then suddenly and unaccountably, from various places, soldiers stepped forward tentatively, not knowing what they were doing, unable to stand quite still, saluting the general, but not in the usual way—they saluted him as though they were saluting someone they had seen in dreams. They were people dazed. There were cries from the soldiers at the back: 'Don't move! Come back!' It was like when you throw a stone into a pool. You notice the same thing sometimes in crowds—an inexplicable uneasiness which accumulates and pervades the whole crowd—not panic, but the heights and depths of uneasiness.

"We knew, I think, what would happen; but we couldn't foresee how it would happen. Five had stepped forward from the front rank—five people standing alone in deathly stillness. The general asked: 'You are prepared to die for me?' There was no answer, but they threw up their heads in the manner which



means in the East either a deliberate 'yes' or 'no.' Then, walking slowly down the line, pausing before each one, he shot those five who were prepared to die for him. A pause, and then he said: 'Dismiss,' and that was all.

"But in a sense it was only the beginning. There was no sign of revolt; there were not even the faintest mutterings. The general returned to his sedan chair accompanied by the Taoist priest, and smiled at the soldiers, showing his teeth. Perhaps he would be alive now if he hadn't smiled at them; but there was so much triumph in his smile that the soldiers immediately understood that he had scored a victory over them and they had lost 'face.' The most extraordinary thing was the way he remained there, offering no resistance at all when they suddenly rushed towards him.

"I could not see the general. I had no desire to see the general. I remember wondering how he would die, and what would happen to the soldiers who were responsible, and whether we would all be court-martialled and shot. But we were not court-martialled, and the general died because they trampled him underfoot; trampled to death by these young farm boys who wore only the lightest of cotton slippers."

END



IS THIS SEAT TAKEN? YES.

**I hope that in my eldering age I'm not
becoming noticeably querulous,
But I feel that conversations with strangers can
be perilous.**

**Consider the case of the two strangers who met
in a hotel dining room in Alabama,
And the menu was rather less than a panorama,
Indeed, it was as repetitious as a snore,
And the first stranger said, I'm a little sick
of corn pone, and the second stranger, who
was tall, tan, and turbaned, said, Glad
to know you, I'm Mohammed Khan, a
big Sikh of Cawnpore.**

Then take the two strangers who met at a Harvard class reunion.

One was a Bostonian and the other was an Altoonian.

And the first stranger said, Why are you taking notes, are you the official annotator?



OR MY NECK IS STICKING IN

**And the second stranger said, I am noting
the difference between Fulton Lewis Jr. and
a pomme soufflé, Fulton Lewis Jr. is
just a commentator but a pomme soufflé
is a veritable coloratura soprano tater.**


**I am also disturbed by accounts of the two
strangers, one male and one female, who met
on the banks of the Congo and shared a bowl
of Semolina,**

**And presently he said, You've got eyes like a
gazelle, and she giggled and said, Eyes
like a gazelle? And he said, No, you's
like a hyena.**

**This is the sort of experience for which
I do not hanker,**

**So if you will excuse me, I shall now
run over to the Banker's Trust and
trust a banker.**

—Ogden Nash

Illustration by  Eakin

WHOSE

by Aldous Huxley

WHAT," asked Professor Arnold Toynbee, "will be singled out as the salient event of our time by future historians?" His answer is contained in a recently published lecture. Future historians will single out, "not, I fancy, any of those sensational or tragic or catastrophic political and economic events which occupy the headlines of our newspapers and the foreground of our minds," but rather "the impact of Western Civilization upon all the other societies of the world, followed by the reaction (already perceptible) of those other civilizations upon Western Civilization" and the ultimate emergence of a sentiment and conviction, almost religious in nature, of "the unity of mankind."

Quite possibly Professor Toynbee is right. He is himself an eminent philosophical historian, and presumably he knows how the

minds of other historians, even of historians not yet born, tend to work. But our enthusiasm for the long view and the philosophic approach should not blind us to the fact that man, as a practical being, must live almost exclusively in the short run. Side by side with long-range, philosophical history there will always exist that other kind of history, whose concern is with the events of a relatively brief period explained in terms of a short-range theory of politics and economics.

I myself enjoy the reading of both kinds of history. But sometimes, in the intervals of reading, I find myself uncomfortably wondering what, after all, history really is. Is it something that exists, in its full perfection, only in the minds of historians, whether philosophical or otherwise? Or is it something actually experienced by the individual men and women

HISTORY?

**Historians can take wars and famines in stride —
but what about you?**

who are born into time, live out their lives, die, and are succeeded by their sons and daughters? If history is something experienced, then it is illegitimate either to reject as relatively unimportant the "tragic or catastrophic political and economic events" of any period, or to confine our attention to these events and their politico-economic causes, while ignoring the actual experience of the people who lived through them and were by them assisted or, more probably, hindered in the task of realizing what the theologians call man's Final End.

If, on the contrary, history exists primarily as a set of abstractions and generalizations in the minds of historians, the case is different. The nonphilosophical historians of our time may safely concentrate on what are, from our point of view, the large-scale events in the fields of politics and

economics, while the philosophers may with equal safety neglect, as "not salient," the two world wars, the Communist and Fascist revolutions, the depression, the current famines, and the prospects, first, of atomic warfare and, next, of what promises to be an insupportable pressure upon our earth's resources exerted by mounting population, spreading soil erosion, and the ever-accelerating exploitation of mineral deposits. And, of course, if atomic or biological weapons should exterminate us; or if the peacetime use of nuclear fission should multiply the number of harmful mutations and so transform the human species into a race of imbeciles and monsters; or if erosion, population growth, and the exhaustion of mineral resources should undermine all the principal civilizations of the world—then it will turn out that the nonphilosophical historians

have placed the emphasis more correctly than the philosophical ones.

It will also become clear, I think, that both their points of view require, if mankind is to be preserved from self-destruction, to be corrected in the light of history conceived as something actually experienced by the masses of individual men and women who have to suffer while those who are

"Drest in a little brief

authority, . . .

Play such fantastic tricks

before high heaven,

As make the angels weep."

Moreover, supposing that all goes according to Professor Toynbee's plan, supposing that, as a result of a long process of what he calls "having one's parochial heritage battered to bits by collisions with the parochial heritages of other civilizations," a quasi-religious sense of the unity of mankind should at last be achieved—what then?

After much mutual battering, the people who inhabited what used to be independent countries within the present territories of Spain, France, and Great Britain came at last to have a quasi-religious sense of the unity of these national entities. But this sense of unity has not prevented the Spanish, French, and British from in-

dulging in bitter domestic struggles for the control of their respective nations. Will a quasi-religious sense of the unity of mankind put an end to similar fratricidal struggles for the control, not, this time, of a single country, but of the whole world?

Furthermore, even if such struggles should finally be eliminated, this would leave untouched all the basic problems of human existence—the problem of happiness, of egotism, of wisdom, the problems of pain, sickness, old age, and death, the problems of sex and love, of craving and aversion, the problem of daily bread in its literal sense as sustenance and in its figurative sense as Grace. "I show you sorrow," said the Buddha, "and the ending of sorrow"; and in one form or another the tragic problems of individual human life will persist, whatever the nature of the political and economic dispensation—yes, and whatever the nature of the religious dispensation. This is not to deny that some religions and some social arrangements are better than others and should therefore be cherished and worked for. It is merely to remind ourselves of the obvious fact that salvation (in whatever sense the word may be used) is a matter of individual experience, and that the most to be expected

of good religions and good social arrangements is the removal of certain temptations to egotism and certain obstacles in the way of "salvation."

THE RELATIONSHIP between history as something experienced, and history as something in the minds of abstracting and generalizing historians, is analogous to the relationship between the lives of individual policy holders and the tables drawn up by the insurance companies. What is stated in the tables is untrue to the facts of any particular life; yet it is true enough to certain facts abstracted from the records of many lives to permit the insurance companies to make money. Historical theories are never subjected to this supreme pragmatic test. Unlike the insurance companies, historians are free to abstract and generalize without any risk of going bankrupt if they are wrong. There is no practical way of deciding, in terms of double entry and hard cash, whether Marxism is truer than Spenglerism, or Sorokinism than Toynbeeism.

The trouble with history as something experienced is that it can never be fully recorded. For, obviously, there are as many such histories as there are experiencing

human beings. The nearest approach to a general history-as-something-experienced would be an anthology of a great variety of more or less personal documents. (Very valuable anthologies of this kind have been compiled, for the medieval period, by Professor Coulton. They should be read by anyone who wants to know, not what modern historians think of the Middle Ages, but what it actually felt like to be a medieval man or woman.)

Though almost infinitely various, the past and present records of history as something experienced exhibit certain basic similarities. In other words, most people react and have always reacted in fundamentally the same way to "the tragic or catastrophic political and economic events" which constitute the raw material of the historian. They long for peace; they abhor violence; they yearn for security and to be left alone, without being constantly pushed around by harsh or even relatively benevolent bosses; their chief concern is with local and domestic matters; they are not much interested in ideas or ideals, broad views or high aims.

But, regardless of their interests and wishes, what they actually get is war as a social institution, systematic oppression, and either se-

curity at the price of slavery, or else another kind of slavery as the result of insecurity. What they get is the privilege of being used as instruments to accomplish the purposes of the ruling few, who love power and who, to justify that love, invent elaborate ideologies and devote themselves to Causes so sacred that, in their behalf, it is legitimate to commit every crime and to outrage every principle of human decency. That which is officially called "history" is the record of what the ruling minority has chosen, in response to the economic, political, and psychological pressures of their times, to do with and to the ruled. By the majority this official history is experienced mainly in the form of a long succession of gratuitous and unnecessary miseries.

No event in the life of an individual or a community is so simple as to have only one cause, and there are, of course, many reasons why the masses should always be frustrated, invariably disappointed of their modest hope of a quiet life in peace, without interference by bullies and busybodies. To begin with, we have to remember the fact that, besides much misery, the masses derive a certain amount of pleasure from the workings of even a bad social system and the antics of even insane and criminal

rulers. "All men desire peace, but few indeed desire the things which make for peace." Those who get a kick out of flags, brass bands, patriotic speeches, and the disparagement of foreigners must expect to pay for these simple pleasures; and the entrance fee to the delights of nationalism is war. Only by giving up the delights can one hope to escape their inevitable cost.

NEXT WE HAVE to consider the fact of human differences. Some persons are by nature far more richly endowed with special talents or with general intelligence than the overwhelming majority of their fellows. But this superior endowment is by no means invariably associated with superior moral qualities. (When the Nazi leaders were examined by psychologists, during the Nuremberg trials, it was found that Schacht and Seyss-Inquart had near-genius IQ's—over 140—while Goering ran a close third with a score of 138.) In the very nature of things, the average and sub-average majority will always have to take a certain amount of direction from the few who are markedly above the average. One of the major problems of democracy is to discover means whereby the necessary direction may be given without investing the

giver with too much power of interfering unduly with the liberties of the recipient.

Meanwhile it should be noted that in Western Europe, Australia, and North America the recent decline in the birthrate has been greatest among the most gifted members of the population. Fertility in the democratic countries is in inverse ratio to ability. As a consequence, some British experts anticipate a drop in average intelligence of five IQ points within the next fifty years, with twice as many mentally defective children as at present and half the number of children of outstanding ability. Whether a qualitatively deteriorating society is capable of democracy remains to be seen.

DIFFERENCES in energy are no less significant, in the political field, than differences in intelligence. The most important single fact of history is that, for most of the time and in most places, the masses tolerate the intolerable and obey their rulers without question. This resignation is largely due to a kind of indolence or psychological inertia. "It is," says Lord Bryce, "for this reason [the general inertia] that a strenuous and unwearying will sometimes becomes so tremendous a power . . . almost

a hypnotic force." The many, whose will is not one-pointed and indefatigable, find it impossible to prevail against the few who, to use one of Mussolini's favorite expressions, possess an *incrollabile volontà*—unshakeable will.

Psychologically speaking, the history of the Fascist and Communist dictatorships is a history of the triumph of a few strong and focussed wills over many weak and dissipated wills, unstrung by good-natured indolence and condemned to ineffectiveness by the force of inertia. That politicians, together with most historians, should ignore the majority's all too painful experience of the events which constitute history, and that the masses should almost never be able to modify their rulers' policy in the light of that experience—this is certainly deplorable, but, in view of the psychological facts, not surprising.

Existing political, economic, and technological arrangements are such as to strengthen the hands of the resolute, power-loving few against the many. Even in the democratic countries government, industry, and finance have become highly centralized and hierarchized. More and more decisions are made, not by the men and women who do the world's work, but *for* them, from above. The great

impersonal abstraction of the national State has been embodied in a complex and, in some respects, all too efficient machine—a machine, to make matters worse, that claims to be a god, insists on being worshipped and, like Moloch, demands human sacrifice. That there can be a genuine democracy without a great deal of decentralization—in other words, a great deal of local and professional self-government—seems, to me at least, impossible.

In this context it is interesting to note the conclusion to which the Italian artist, Carlo Levi, was driven as the result of his exile among the peasants of a God-forsaken and man-oppressed village in the wild country inland from

the Gulf of Taranto. "We must make ourselves capable of inventing a new form of government, neither Fascist, nor Communist, nor even Liberal, for all three of these are forms of the religion of the State. We must rebuild the foundations of our concept of the State with the concept of the individual which is its basis."

Between the horns of the Fascist and the anti-Fascist dilemma it is Kropotkin and the co-operators who point the way. Only in a society composed of a federation of largely self-governing groups will the masses of men and women be in a position to make known their bitter experience of official "history" and perhaps, at long last, to do something about it. **END**

47 *Pre-print*

HISTORY IN THE MIND

The clever and beautiful need not be proud, since they did nothing to earn their advantages. The ignorant and ugly need not be ashamed, since they did nothing to deserve their fate. The hateful need not be blamed, since they did not make themselves hateful; nor need the loving be praised, for the same reason. But the hateful can be blamed for not restraining their hatred, and the loving can be blamed for not expressing their love.

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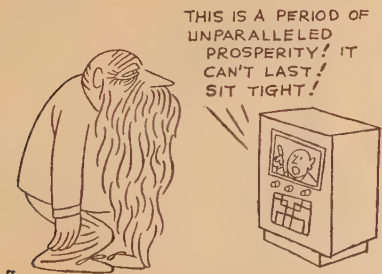
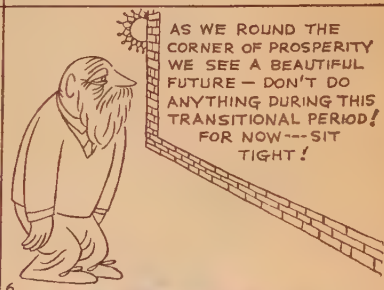
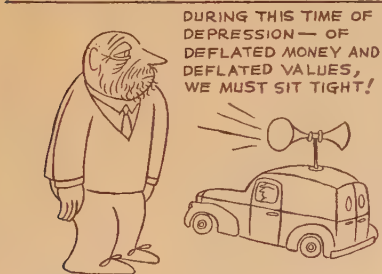
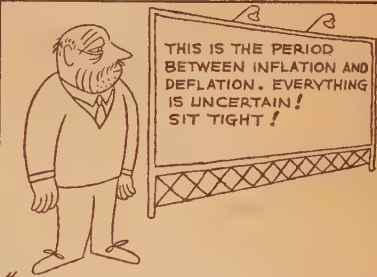
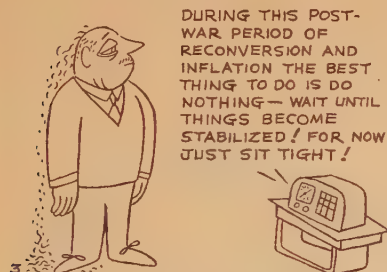
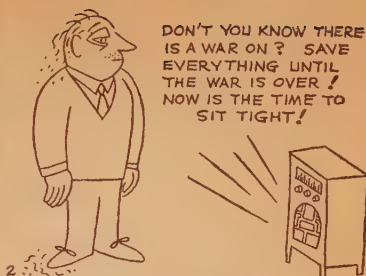
People think they are looking for security, but what they are really looking for is a feeling of security, for actual security, of course, does not exist.

• • •

A great man is one who either helps to find out what the world is really like, or else tries to change the world to match his image. In both cases he is trying to bring images and reality closer together by changing one or the other. . . . One of the most important things in life is to understand reality and to keep changing our images to correspond to it, for it is our images which determine our actions and feelings, and the more accurate they are the easier it will be for us to attain happiness and stay happy in an ever-changing world.

—Eric Berne, M.D.

From *The Mind in Action* (Simon & Schuster), to be published this month.



THE RETURN OF

**You will never believe this
story — and yet you must**



F. D. R.

by C. S. Forester



I AM WRITING this story, and I propose to publish it, so as to put an end to a dangerous movement before that movement begins. It will never begin because you are reading this story, and because it will never begin you will not believe what I am going to tell you; that is the dilemma I am in. If I tell you the truth, you won't believe me, and yet if I do not tell you the truth, something will happen that I am very much afraid of, and after it happened you wouldn't believe me if I told you how it came about.

Christopher Nielson wrote to me asking for an interview. I shall tell you, in the proper sequence of events, how he outwitted me about that letter, but at the moment when the letter came it did not seem much out of the ordinary, either to me or to my secretary. It is one of the pleasures or burdens of my profession that many people whom I do not know write to me. Some say they like my books, and some say they do not. Some ask for autographs, and some ask for money, and some, like Christopher Nielson, ask for interviews. My secretary passed the letter over to me without any comment.

"He sounds like the usual sort of crank," I said, when I had read it.

"He's more businesslike than the usual crank," demurred my secretary.

I cannot give you the exact wording of that letter, for reasons which will appear later, but I remember it well enough to be able to agree with my secretary that it was an unusually busi-

For Nielson is a dangerous man, a very dangerous man . . .

nesslike letter that went straight to the point. He had a proposition in mind, he said, which would involve retaining my professional services at a very substantial fee. He proposed to telephone to see whether I would grant him half an hour of my valuable time. And he was mine sincerely.

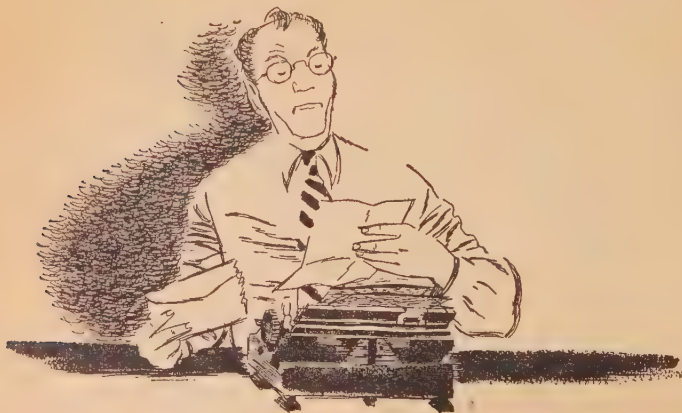
"All right," I said, "I'll see him."

The last stranger who wrote to me for an interview was a sailor honorably discharged from the United States Navy—or said he was—who tried to sell me a bar of platinum which he claimed was part of the loot of Tokyo, and who got out of my house only two jumps ahead of the police, so you can imagine that I looked Nielson over pretty keenly when he was announced and came into my study.

He was an interesting figure, tall and bony, in his middle thirties, I should think, and very nearly handsome, although his fair hair was thinning above his high forehead. But his fierce blue eyes did not make for beauty; they were compelling enough, but they took up too much of the attention of anyone who looked at him for handsomeness to matter. He shook hands with me and looked me over as sharply as I was looking at him, and then he turned his attention to my study and scrutinized that in the same way.

"You have a delightful room here," he said, and then he

Illustrations by Winfield Hoskins



glanced out of the window. "Ah, and you have a sun deck, too. I suppose you often work out there?"

"I do," I said.

"Perhaps we could sit out there and enjoy the sunshine?" said Nielson.

"By all means," I said.

I fancy now that Nielson was making sure that he was not within range of any recording machine, but the thought never occurred to me at that time. He was plausible, very plausible. That is what I am afraid of now.

"You are quite sure you don't mind?" said Nielson solicitously, as we prepared to pass on to the sun deck from the study. Anyone would think he had nothing but my comfort in his mind.

"Quite," I said.

"And there's my letter!" said Nielson with mild interest, just as we were leaving.

He picked it up idly off my desk and was holding it in his hand as we stepped on to the sun deck; it was such a natural gesture that I paid no attention to it at the moment—but that is the reason why I cannot produce the letter as evidence in support of my story.

Nielson wheeled the outdoor couches about the sun deck with great attention to my comfort—maybe he was thinking about microphones still—and then he sat down close to me and, with his eyes never shifting from mine, he made ready to broach his business. By this time I knew he was no fanatic, despite those eyes—no fanatic would have been so attentive about putting my couch in just the right place. But the fact that he was not a fanatic only served to make him more interesting to me.

"Sometimes in your books," began Nielson, "you have displayed a pretty turn for catching another man's style."

"Thank you," I said.

"You have never thought of parody?"

"No, I can't say that I have," I answered. I wondered what "very substantial fee" could come out of a parody.

"And I've noticed how familiar you are with world affairs and international politics."

"That's very kind of you," I said. The recent war had provided me with reasons for being possessed of that familiarity.

"That's why I've come to you," said Nielson. "I can manage all the rest of the business myself. I can handle the press till it eats out of my hand—and by God, won't they want to eat out of my hand when they hear my story!—and the money end will be easy, but the highbrow stuff will be more than I can tackle. That's where you come in. I want nothing but the best for this business."

"You are very kind," I said again. "Would you tell me a few more details?"

NIELSON BORED ME THROUGH with his eyes again for two or three seconds before he went on. "Have you ever met," he said at length, "a wholehearted worshipper of our last president, the late lamented F.D.R.?"

"Yes."

"That is not surprising, for there are a good many of them. And they would be fruitful soil," said Nielson. "They are quite obsessed with their hero, lots of them. There are women—you must have come across them—who still talk about 'my President.' There are fools who go all sentimental on you at the mention of his name. They are all over this country—you'll find some in every state. Even in England."

"You are quite right," I said.

"It's like a religion with some of them," said Nielson. "Some of them remember every word he said. They treasure up the memory of all his speeches, and think about the promises he made."

"You are perfectly right," I said.

"That's how the Bible came to be written," said Nielson. "do you realize that? People writing things down from memory. I said it was like a religion with those Roosevelt lovers, and I want to make it a religion."

Nielson might have appeared to be someone trying to put new life into the Democratic Party, if one took his words at their face value, but he seemed nothing like a politician to me, and his next words made it plain he was not.

"But besides the New Testament," went on Nielson, "there were Apostles. *And* a Resurrection. I am going to be an Apostle. *The* Apostle. And I shall witness the Resurrection."

"Really, Mr. Nielson——"

"Oh, they'll believe it all right if I come right out with the statement that I have seen F.D.R. in the flesh again. With these very eyes."

With those very eyes: that was the point about that speech.

"I shall see him transfigured, surrounded by his glory, freed from those crippling irons which tortured him during his life. I shall be Doubting Thomas and he will convince me. There's no need to think about the truth. When I tell the world how F.D.R. told me what Stalin had to say about Trotsky, do you think Uncle Joe is going to contradict me publicly? Not on your life. It will be the sort of thing he wouldn't dare deny anyway. And the fact that he doesn't contradict me will prove my point. We'll be able to think up some pretty little things about Winston Churchill, too, that he won't be able to contradict. Not if he values his place in history, considering the sort of thing we'll think up."

"I can't believe you mean what you are saying, Mr. Nielson," I said.

"I do, though. We won't need much evidence. I can supply plenty. I was in and out of the White House fifty times during the last administration. You can make people believe anything, but it's keeping them convinced that's hard."

"Abraham Lincoln said the same thing."

"All of the people some of the time," Nielson agreed, with a nod. "That's when I shall need you."

IN THE OPENING DAYS it will be easy, when I announce that F.D.R. has appeared to me in his resurrected flesh," he went on. "The press'll eat it up—it'll be news. There'll be a lot of cream to skim, and that'll take time. We'll have to keep the ball rolling, and you'll have to write his speeches for him. Paris Conferences, Nuremberg Trials, reciprocal trade agreements—F.D.R.'d have a lot to say about those things, as well as strikes and inflation and everything else. I couldn't do it my-

self, and it's a lucky thing that I know it. The rest will be easy. I don't look like an idiot, and I don't talk like one, and nobody will be able to pin anything on me out of the past."

"I'd like to know something about that past, if you don't mind," I said. I really asked only out of professional curiosity.

"Nothing to be ashamed of," said Nielson. "I was in the Lobby at Washington until Pearl Harbor. I knew most everybody, but the breaks never came my way. Then I joined the Navy, all straight and above board, two years in an office and two years at sea, and with honorable discharge. But there's no money in it, and I want to make a killing."

"We all do," I said.

"There's a killing here," said Nielson. "How many boobs do you think will be interested? Half a million? That's only one in 250 of the population. How much would a convert subscribe? A dollar a month would be cheap for revelations from F.D.R.'s own lips. Half a million a month, and expenses nil, pretty nearly. No income tax—those would be voluntary contributions and there'd be no bookkeeping, even if I couldn't tell the Internal Revenue that this was a religious institution and not liable to tax. I'd give you ten per cent. Does 50,000 bucks a month interest you—free of tax?"

"It would interest anybody," I said. I had known right from the start that I would not go into this business, that I would have nothing to do with it whatever, but I wanted to hear as much as I could.

Nielson scratched his chin and stared at me.

"I don't believe it really interests you," he said, steadily. "Don't you think it would work?"

"I'm almost afraid it will work too well," I replied.

"They'll believe it because it's impossible. They'll believe it because they want to believe it. They'll believe it because I'll tell them about it." Nielson raised his fists towards the blue sky. "Our beloved leader! The man who suffered along with the common man! Our dear, dead President, transfigured, risen from the dead to right the wrongs of the oppressed peoples of the world! Half a million dollars a month!"

"No," I said. "I won't do it."



I was suddenly afraid that Nielson's personality would carry me away despite myself, and there was a sharp tone in my voice. I looked round at the familiar railings of the sun deck, at the palms and the orange trees, to bring myself out from the sense of unreality which had begun to oppress me. Nielson looked at me quite undisconcerted.

"Fifty thousand dollars a month isn't enough for you?" he said. "It could be more. I don't know where this will end. There's more in this than the free gifts of the faithful. I can think of corporations which might easily pay a lot for the right sort of comment direct from F.D.R.'s own lips, on their current labor situation. And there are foreign governments too—they might pay handsomely; in fact, I know they would. A million dollars for you. That's a lot of money. Ten million for me, but a million for you. And no strings on it, either. We'd neither of us want your name to come up. Just for writing a few speeches, just for keeping abreast with current affairs, which you do anyway—a million dollars. That's too much money for anyone to refuse."

It was not so much his words as plain telepathy, thought transference, the impact of his personality, which made me so acutely aware of the possibilities of wealth. For a moment my

head swam with golden visions, and it was again an effort to claw my way back to reality.

"No, I'm not going to do it." I repeated, and then in self-defense I desperately took the offensive. "What's more, I'm going to call the police this very minute."

"The police? They can do nothing to me. What would you say to them?"

THAT WAS A QUESTION I could not answer, but I clung to my offensive.

"You'll never be able to go on with this now that you've let me in on it." I said. "The moment you start your revelations, I'll come forward and tell the whole story. I'll tell about this interview and the offer you have just made. That'll kill the whole thing dead."

Nielson shook his head in calm pity.

"No," he said. "it won't. There are always persecutors who arise when the true faith is being preached. You'll just be the instrument of the devil, or the cat's-paw of the malign influences of Big Business. Maybe the claw on the hidden hand of England. Nobody who believes me will believe a word you say, not if you swear on a stack of Bibles before a dozen notary publics. You ought to see that."

I saw it all right when he said it. Perhaps the sun was hot, but my head was still swimming as he got up from the couch on which he had been sitting.

"A million dollars," said Nielson. "And power. The ability to change the history of the world—to alter the lives of a million million people. And you're fool enough to refuse it. Well, I have no use for fools. You mean to be a fool?"

I blinked up at him in the scorching sunlight.

"I won't join with you, if that's what you mean," I said with feeble irritation. "And I warn you I'll trip you up if I can."

"If you can," echoed Nielson, "but don't bother. And I can find my own way down to the front door, so don't bother about that, either."

He was on his feet already and he strode across the sun deck, through the door, and across the landing, and he ran lightly on

his long legs down the stairs, so that he had reached the foot before I reached the head. He slammed the door as he went out and was into his car and away before I was able to reopen the door.

That was some weeks ago. Nielson was speaking the truth when he said that the police have nothing on him, because I have checked with them to see. I have spent some money on a private detective agency, and they have discovered that he deserted his wife in Minneapolis in 1937, but that is not much of a weapon to use against him, especially as Mrs. Nielson obtained a divorce and is now happily remarried.

What can I do about it? I do not think that in the whole of a lively life I have ever met anybody who seemed to me more dangerous potentially. Nielson was quite right, too, when he said that if I were to come forward after he has made his revelations public, his converts would never believe me. Nothing I could do then would stop the movement. It appears to me, as it appeared to Nielson, that his position is quite impregnable. I could not write to the newspapers about my interview—people would simply laugh at me. I do not even have the documentary evidence of Nielson's letter; Nielson saw to that.

But there is one thing about the situation which he forgot, and which I myself forgot for a time. That is, that I am a writer of fiction. I can tell this story and publish it as a story. That means, as I said at the start, that you will never believe me—but it also means that if only this story appears before Nielson announces that he has seen F.D.R., it will handicap him very severely. If only you will believe me and not Nielson, the whole movement will fail. You will never believe me, and yet you will have to take my word for it, for I have no doubt that if Nielson is balked he will try some even wickeder scheme. Nielson is a dangerous man.

It occurs to me, even while I write these lines, that I am running no inconsiderable risk of Nielson's bringing suit against me for defamation of character. Perhaps I am running some worse risk, for Nielson is a dangerous man, a very dangerous man. That is why I ask you to believe this story, even though it is only a story.

END

YOUR QUANTA PERSONALITY

**A theory of color that explains your taste
in painting, music, Christmas ties, people**

by Lloyd Mann

IF YOU LOOK across a lake to a wooded shore, the dogwood will stand out at dawn, the ash at noon, the birch toward evening, the heavy firs at sunset. Thus Nature seems to highlight the colors and harmonies which suit her current mood. This has led a Scottish artist, H. K. Elcock, to work out a theory of color relationships, and to attempt a new explanation of that highly subjective phenomenon, our reactions to color combinations. Elcock groups colors in four Quantas. Each contains all the basic colors—red, blue, yellow, black, and white—but in tints not duplicated in other Quantas. These tints also differ in intensity and in their capacity to harmonize with other colors. While there may be infinite variations within each Quanta, each is unalterably hostile to the others. When *Whistler's Mother*, a Quanta Three masterpiece, was reproduced

in the Quanta One colors of Van Gogh, the result was a garish billboard poster.

The Quantacolor Company, a New York firm of color analysts, is turning Elcock's theory to commercial uses. It attempts to explain why workers' fatigue is reduced when their machines are repainted, or why ice cream packages sell in cool Quanta Three shades, not in warm Quanta One.

Personal reactions to particular Quantas may also furnish clues to personality, aptitudes, artistic talent. Each person's Quanta preference influences his dress, his home, even his thought habits. The quanta personality of painters and musicians is reflected in their work. The girl on the cover of this issue of '47 is Quanta Four.

On the following pages are still-life photographs expressing characteristics of each Quanta. Which do you prefer?



Photographs by Stephen Fay-Rawlings Studio

Quanta One: MORNING

The miscellaneous objects in this group, including the painting by Goya, are all in Quanta One. The tints are radiant, fresh, and warm. No single tone dominates another; such colors bring brightness and compactness to a room and catch the eye from a distance. Comparable tones in music are the notes of equal stress in Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*. In nature, these are the hues of bluejays, geraniums, sunflowers, and tomatoes. A Quanta One personality might be an inventor or writer.



Quanta Two: NOON

Quanta Two comprises vibrant, dry, sharp colors—tints that strengthen weaker ones. They soften interior angles and create an air of informality. Cezanne painted in these colors, and they are the ones that decorate goldfinches, grapefruit, peonies, and radishes. In music they would be translated into syncopations, or into dramatic runs like Tschaikowsky's. A human personality fitting Quanta Two would have a profound sense of order, like that of an engineer or a builder.



Quanta Three: AFTERNOON

Quanta Three has the qualities of cool clarity, separateness, and space so effectively used by Botticelli. It gives a feeling of distance and perspective, and so it is used to best advantage in confined interiors, such as those of airplanes and Pullmans. Typical of this group are the iris, carrot, and lemon. Aurally Quanta Three's counterparts are treble and fine, like the silver tone of small bells; Chopin's Butterfly Etude would fit it. So would the personality of a statistician, a searcher after facts.



Quanta Four: EVENING

Quanta Four's colors were on the palettes of Gauguin and Rembrandt. The tones are deep, mellow, and rich—as in pheasants, pansies, peaches, and eggplants. Paintings done in this color group usually have repose, no matter how active their content. In music, the Quanta would be characterized by the sonorous chords of Beethoven; in people, by executives and industrial coordinators.

END

by Marion Hargrove



Farewell to Margaret O'Brien

Curses on the movies' creampuff brats

MARGARET O'BRIEN and I are all washed up. From now on she goes her way; I go mine. It's just one of those things.

According to my calculations, the time is just about ripe for another movie starring Miss O'Brien and one of her elderly leading men. Throughout the nation, I suppose, people will be queuing up to slide their pesos through box-office windows and slip into the darkened temples for a couple of hours of heavy whimsy. Not me, thank you. They can bait me with vaudeville or free dishes, Bugs Bunny or banko, but I'm not having any child stars.

I should like to say at once that I have nothing personal against

Miss O'Brien. My animosity is toward the System that has come between us and blighted the beauty of our love. If it had not been for the System, we could have made a go of it. We could have been very happy together, Margaret and I.

I saw my last Margaret O'Brien picture almost a year ago, and I still can't get it out of my mind. Sometimes I brood about it for hours on end. *Three Wise Fools* was the name of the picture; it was the one where they gave her the brogue. I guess it was while I was sitting there, twisting and squirming as poor Margaret blued the air with bedads and begorrahs and the-saints-presairve-usses, that I first started thinking things out.

There was a bunch of little elves



Illustrations by Jan Balet

in the picture that didn't believe in human beings. These elves sat around between the flashbacks while Harry Davenport painfully strained a Margaret O'Brien story through his cotton beard for them, and by the time he had finished everybody had faith. O'Brien was able to see the leprechauns and they were able to see O'Brien.

Sitting there, letting my mind wander where it would, it occurred to me that neither the elves nor the brogue was the worst part of the picture. Both were just clumsy devices to cover up the plot. This was, beneath the costumes and the

props, the same old plot that *Those People Out There* in Hollywood have used for practically every kiddie picture they've made.

The plot, as if you didn't know it by heart, is this: There is, to begin with, a child (preferably a girl) who has become all of a sudden an orphan. She goes to live with a cranky old relative (preferably Lionel Barrymore) who lives in a huge gloomy house, laments the lost love of his youth, and derives his only pleasure from foreclosing mortgages on sick widows.

The old curmudgeon is no fond-

er of the idea of having some kid suddenly moved in on him than you or I would be, and he makes no bones about it. He regards her as the worst thing that has ever befallen him (which she is), and he doesn't care who knows it.

The child starts giving him the treatment: whining around a bit, tossing him brave little snaggle-toothed grins, fetching him his slippers, and kissing him good-night. He resists heroically until the middle of the sixth reel, when he finds that she has pumped him full of sunshine and Christian charity and he is a gone gosling.

Sometimes Those People Out There try to disguise the old plot by making the kid a cripple, or giving her a brogue or a vocal arrangement of hot Southern cornbread and molasses, or dolling her up in money and loneliness, or supplying her with a heartwarming case of galloping pneumonia in reel four, or tossing in Bill Robin-

son to dance over the weak spots in the script. But no matter how they doctor it, it's still the same old plot.

This plot was probably quite healthy at one time, but that



was before the invention of movable type. It was fairly decrepit before George Eliot began collecting royalties on *Silas Marner*, and by the time the center of world culture had moved to the suburbs of Los Angeles, it was long overdue at the glueworks.

The little children of Hollywood, though, with their freckles and curls and six-figure incomes, have beaten the defenseless old yarn to a jelly. They have converted hundreds of hermits, burglars, maiden aunts, prize fighters, race track touts, dogcatchers, and Yankee generals into simpering old dotards, and the darlings keep





doing it year after year. When Mary Pickford outgrew her membership in the juvenile league, her material was passed on to Baby Leroy.

At this very moment there is being born somewhere a tiny babe who in 1954 will be crowing and grimacing at us from the silver screen, making some of us weep with delight and others gag with nausea. His material will be the same as Jackie Coogan's.

Children have other dramatic possibilities, Lord knows. They don't spend all their time going to live with choleric old crabs and renovating them into beaming old morons. They do other things with their little lives. They go shoplifting, they set fire to houses, they wreck their parents' marriages, they gouge each other's eyes out, they lie, they steal, they cheat, they murder, and they trip old ladies.

Hollywood, I will admit, has

given some small, slighting recognition to the fact that not all children are like Shirley Temple or Baby Rose Marie. But the treatment they have consistently handed to normal children in the movies has been rugged.

Look at Jane Withers, for example. A more normal child would be hard to find anywhere. This healthy little girl used to bang viciously away at her piano lessons until the man in the projection booth was ready to wreck his machine and hurl himself from the balcony rail. She twisted other little girls' arms and took their ice cream cones away from them. She told lies that ruined careers and reputations. She did all the normal childlike things that the Hays Office would permit. And look at the treatment she got. She invariably came out second to Shirley, who stood there smirking triumphantly as the music went up for the finish.

And Jackie Searle, of blessed memory. He was a fine boy, and I hope that wherever he is today he is happy and prosperous. No boy in cinema history ever more faithfully and gleefully framed his big brother for his own misdeeds, played the stool pigeon for his parents and teachers, tied knots in swimmers' clothes, or turned other people's pet rats out into the woods. And his inevitable reward

was a belt in the back, a tomato in the face, a shove into a puddle.

These two, and pitifully few others like them, portrayed children as they really are: sinister little savages. But these few never had babies named for them. They never got their pictures on the fronts of sweatshirts. Their salaries never ran into six figures.

Those People Out There are going to sit back and say that the American Public likes its movie children sticky and sweet, that we wouldn't let them treat children as children. All right, what about W. C. Fields? W. C. never mollicodded a child. Whenever one of them got in his way, he sent the little brute packing with a snarled word and a kick in the slats, he did. And we loved him for it.

W. C. Fields was one of the greatest men who ever lived.

Maybe they will say that there simply isn't any story material available about normal children. That's perfectly silly; the world is full of it.

What about *The Ransom of Red Chief*, O. Henry's magnificently realistic story of a gang of thugs who kidnapped a little boy and eventually had to pay his father to take him back? Why has that never been made into a movie? No answer.

And *Elsie Dinsmore*? There's a



wonderfully comforting story for anyone who has ever suffered with children. There has never been a more despicably good little girl, but thank Heaven she had a father who knew how to handle her. When Elsie Dinsmore refused to play the piano for him on the flimsy pretext that it was the Sabbath, he simply told her to sit there on the stool until she got the urge to play. She never did get around to playing, the little witch, but she sat there until she fainted from exhaustion—and I'll bet she was a lot more tractable the next time.

There is, if I may suggest it, a starring vehicle in Elsie Dinsmore for my lost love Margaret. Let her play Elsie, or Baby Snooks, or Little Iodine, and nothing in the world could keep us apart. **END**



"Mmm—so it's not true what she told us about her operation."

SUPERSONICS:

Faster Than Brass

Military fumbling of jet and rocket flight almost lost one war and may lose another—unless civilians take control

by Philip McKee

THE FAILURE of our Air Forces leaders to recognize the possibilities of supersonics—the new science of flying faster than sound—nearly lost us the recent war. German scientists had been working on supersonic air weapons since 1933. They got them into combat, and used them devastatingly; we had none beyond the earliest stages of development. And top-rank Air Forces officers privately admit that if Hitler's armies had been able to hold out for another six months, they might have regained supremacy in the air and won the war.

To risk another such failure of vision obviously would be to invite national extinction. Today the Air Forces, having captured the German supersonic projects, are working hard on them—although without advertising their German

origin. Now that they know supersonics is the key to air supremacy, they are leaning heavily on civilian scientists, as the Germans did, and in fact have imported German scientists. But what about tomorrow?

Today's weapons will someday be as obsolete as the propeller-driven planes with which our Air Forces fought the last war. Tomorrow, will they cling to the weapons, the strategy, and the tactics of today? So they did before. So military leaders have always done. This classic rigidity of the military mind brings into sharp focus the basic question of military vs. civilian control of scientific research. And this in turn involves the whole complex of war and peace.

The Allies won out in the air through the sheer numerical su-

premacY of United States planes and the courage of combat crews. The Germans had the vision—the vision to employ their scientists on aeronautical research under civilian control. They had completed eleven of the twelve steps necessary to build a rocket bomber with which they expected to destroy New York. We had the time—time to produce the overwhelming mass of our obsolete air weapons, and thereby to escape the consequences of our backwardness in science.

Obviously it won't happen that way again. Time now is measured in hours and days, not months and years. In any conflict scientific vision, developed into military reality beforehand, will win, perhaps overnight. Or, with the indispensable aid of political vision, it may prevent conflict in the first place. Can we now count on the Air Forces to give intelligent direction to aeronautical research?

The Rocket Bomber

TO ANSWER THIS QUESTION we must first take a close, unprejudiced look at German achievements in the air. These achievements were based largely on skillful exploration of the possibilities of flight at supersonic speeds—faster than 760 m.p.h., the speed of sound at sea level. Supersonics is the scien-

tific frontier in aeronautics today.

The Germans were close to supersonic flight with planes, and had achieved it with guided missiles. Their jet and rocket planes were much faster than any we had in combat. Their V-1 buzz bomb, as fast as our fastest fighters, did tremendous damage before we developed a partial defense against it. Their V-2 rocket, a true supersonic guided missile, flew at seven times the speed and at many times the maximum altitude of our fighters. Far from intercepting or catching it, our pilots couldn't even see it. There was no effective defense.

But the V-2 rocket was only a test model of something much larger and far more devastating—the *Raketenbomber*, or rocket bomber. The V-2's speed was 3,600 m.p.h., its bomb load one ton, its range 250 miles. *The rocket bomber was to reach a speed of more than 14,000 m.p.h., carry up to 30 tons of bombs, and fly 25,000 miles.*

Work on it had begun in 1933 and it was well beyond the dream stage by 1940. The V-2 was an offshoot, started in 1940 for immediate use in combat and to obtain flight data for the rocket bomber. The V-2's combat debut in 1944 surprised and mystified our Air Forces leaders. They still thought

of guided missiles as radio-controlled bombs dropped from air planes. The *Raketenbomber* was scheduled to strike its first blows in 1946 or 1947. Our Air Forces didn't even suspect its existence until they examined captured German documents in 1945.

Super-Raid on New York

THE GERMANS actually hoped to bomb Sidney, Australia—a world-circling mission that would require only three and a half hours. Before doing that, they planned to strike New York, other large cities, industrial and experimental centers, dams and power plants, railways, bridges, harbors, and ports throughout the United States—and, of course, the Panama Canal.

To raid New York, the rocket bomber would take off from Europe, launched by a rocket-powered carriage at 1,120 m.p.h. The plane's own rocket motor, burning its 84 tons of fuel in less than six minutes, would accelerate to 14,253 m.p.h. and rise to an altitude of 56.5 miles. Thereafter the bomber would coast. About 600 miles from New York it would release its six tons of bombs, which would have ample speed and altitude to reach the target. The bomber would then glide back to a landing in Europe. The entire mission was expected to take

only one hour and twenty minutes.

The Germans had the fundamental engineering data for such a bomber. They were building the combat model when the war ended.

Germany, then, was years ahead of us in the effort to fly faster than the speed of sound. That speed is not merely a convenient milestone. It is a hard and fast physical barrier.

To understand this, it is necessary to understand something about air itself. Air particles are lively and free-flowing. They're like the people in a crowd giving way, flowing around, and closing behind a slowly moving automobile. But increase the speed of the car and the people can't get out of the way fast enough. They are jammed together, crushed in waves against the front and sides of the car, tumbled in confusion behind it. Similarly, air particles move freely, without compressing or forming waves—but only up to the speed of sound. Try to force a plane beyond that speed, and the air, too, will be compressed, forced into waves, made turbulent.

As a plane approaches 760 m.p.h. this "drag" increases fantastically. Conventional engines and propellers can't overcome it. Jet engines can, but are limited to about 60,000 feet altitude by the decreasing oxygen in the thinner

air. Rocket motors, carrying their own oxygen, deliver virtually constant thrusts at all altitudes. The Air Forces' XS-1 rocket plane will attempt supersonic flight at 80,000 feet, where drag is less than half that at 60,000 feet and only 1/28th that at sea level.

We Rejected Jets

WHAT WERE WE DOING while the Germans were moving so far toward a solution of these technical problems? Our Air Forces were rejecting jet propulsion because they thought it wouldn't work. They were not unlike the aeronautical experts who thought the Wright Brothers' first plane wouldn't fly—even after the Wrights had flown it. They rejected jet planes, buzz bombs, and guided missiles before and during the war. Incredibly enough, they rejected jets even after they knew the Germans and Italians had them.

Yet today our Air Forces leaders speak optimistically of guided missiles, interplanetary acronautics, and the like. All of these, be it noted, were conceived by civilian scientists or were captured from the Germans. Nevertheless, the Air Forces are keeping a tight grip on new developments. Their proposed projects—at nobody knows what future costs—include supersonic

planes and missiles with speeds approaching 25,000 m.p.h.; atomic power; space ships and bases for them in outer space; and destructive devices using heat, light, magnetism, and other forms of energy.

Let's take a quick look at some of the more obvious problems facing supersonic flight. In the 600-900 m.p.h., trans-sonic zone, shock waves can tear a plane to pieces. Beyond 900 m.p.h., in the true supersonic zone, the going may be better. The drag will still be enormous, but with proper aerodynamic shapes—probably knife-edged wings and control surfaces—other difficulties may be eliminated or reduced. Apparently shock waves will form only at leading and trailing edges; air-flow over the rest of a surface may provide dependable forces for lift and control. Disruptive turbulence should be well to the rear of the plane. These, of course, are merely wind tunnel indications; what will happen in actual supersonic flight may be entirely different.

Another problem is how to design a plane that will fly at all speeds—take off at subsonic speed, accelerate through the trans-sonic zone, fly in the supersonic zone, and then decelerate through these zones to land again at subsonic speed.* Subsonic shapes won't fly

in the supersonic zone; perhaps supersonic shapes won't fly in the subsonic zone.

Our Air Forces' experimental XS-1 was in development when the full German supersonic records were captured. These well-advanced German designs, including the important swept-back wing, would have demanded such radical changes in the XS-1 that it was decided instead to incorporate them in a second supersonic plane, the recently announced XS-2. The XS-1 has made test flights, as a glider and under its own power, after being released at a high altitude from the belly of a B-29 Superfortress. Gliding speeds, with good control maintained, reached 400 m.p.h. Using its rocket motor, it made 550 m.p.h. and by now has probably exceeded the 600 m.p.h.-plus of the best jets.

Unless the original plan has been changed, the XS-1 will make its real test late this year. Carried aloft again by a B-29, to save its fuel, it will zoom under its own power to 80,000 feet, level off, and try to smash through the sonic barrier. On paper it has the power to make 1,700 m.p.h. in the very few minutes before its fuel is exhausted. If it is still in one piece, it will glide back to earth. If it comes apart, the cockpit will fall

freely, decelerating until the pilot can bail out with his parachute. That, at least, is the idea. What else will happen when the pilot really pours on the coal, no one knows.

It is widely believed that the next war, if any, will be waged with supersonic rockets, guided missiles instead of piloted planes. But the longer the range, the less likely this is to be true. The present method of guiding missiles from their bases fails at any distance beyond about 2,000 miles, and no one has yet suggested any new method that is even promising. The Germans knew this. So, while they planned super-V-2's with much longer ranges, they intended to use their supersonic rocket bomber for really long-range transcontinental, transocean, or trans-Arctic war.

Too Much for Humans?

IN SUCH WARFARE, pilots and crews will be subjected to greater hazards than man has ever known. Oxygen deficiency will be more dangerous at much higher altitudes. Much faster climbing may produce the "bends." Bail-outs at supersonic speeds, meeting a slipstream with the impact of an 8-inch shell, would be fatal. Friction-generated heat will make cockpits without artificial cooling unbear-

able. At extremely high altitudes sunburn will be a serious risk, and cosmic rays may even cause death.

A mere glance at this partial list suggests staggering scientific problems that obviously demand the attention of the best scientific minds we can muster. Aviation research *must* be turned over to civilians.

The British, who have long entrusted aeronautic research to civilian scientists, were far ahead of us at the start of the past war and are far ahead now in jet propulsion. Russian research is under civilian control. So was that of Germany, except when military men stepped in and delayed it.

Scientific minds are traditionally open to new ideas, military minds historically impervious to them. For example, Professor Leo Szilard, leading atomic scientist, has asserted that, but for Army compartmentation of scientific research, the atom bomb could have been developed eighteen months sooner.

There is also a question of

scientific competence. The physical, chemical, and mathematical complexities of the future's aerodynamic and aeronautical problems are such that our Air Forces can't be expected to judge proposed solutions of them.

For our own safety all these problems should be handed over to scientists, limiting the Air Forces to an advisory role. We need scientific minds to set up and carry out the necessary research. We need scientific wisdom to make crucial decisions in matters as incomprehensible to military men as to ordinary citizens. We need to emphasize our national will to peace by giving authority over new weapons to men of peace.

The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, an able civilian scientific organization, might well serve as the nucleus for the proper controlling body. Control is the essence of the matter. Upon that control may well rest the fate not only of this nation but of the world.

END

THE TEXAS JUNIOR COURT

In a picture accompanying William David Bell's article on a Texas Junior Court experiment (*In Their Own Judgment*, '47 April), Mike Bosworth, 16, was shown being "sentenced" to a loss of 150 merits "for wilfully slashing a bus seat." '47 wants to make it clear that Mike Bosworth, an active Junior Court patrolman, had committed no such offense and was not tried or sentenced: he merely acted a part in a mock trial arranged for the camera. '47 hopes no embarrassment has been caused and trusts that Mike will keep up his good work for the Junior Court.—*The Editors*

AN AUTHOR OR EIGHT

by Jack Goodman

See, here's ex-
Private HARGROVE, whose
account of his
nonlove affair
with certain kid-
die movies, *Fare-
well to Margaret
O'Brien*, appears



in this issue (page 129). It should
not be deduced from Mr. Har-
grove's forlorn agonizing that he
doesn't like children. Our opera-
tive in charge of margraves, boro-
goves, and hargroves went to see
the young author in his up-state
New York home and reports that
his behavior with his own two kids
is normally foolish.



Those who con-
fuse **ALDOUS
HUXLEY** with
his brother Jul-
ian, the biologist,
will probably
confuse both
with their grand-
father, Thomas

Henry Huxley, Darwin's great al-
ly. But remarkable as Julian is and
Thomas Henry was, it took Aldous
to write those brilliant novels
Point Counter Point, *Brave New*

World, and *Eyeless in Gaza*, and
more coruscating essays than we
have room to name. In a few well-
chosen words (see page 106) he
defends you and me from "official"
history, and asks a few polite
questions of that great philoso-
pher of history, A. J. Toynbee.

C. S. FOREST-
ER says, with
wild inaccuracy
(no hornblower,
he) that "lazi-
ness and indisci-
pline" impelled
him, like Somer-
set Maugham and



A. J. Cronin, to forsake medicine
for writing. He then went on to
produce a vast amount of disci-
plined, exciting fiction, including
the Hornblower series and his
scarifying *The General*, just re-
issued. It was not for tax reasons
that Mr. Forester recently turned
down an offer of \$50,000 a month.
You'll find out why when you read
The Return of F.D.R. (page 114).

During 1947 publishers will put
out 6 of **ROBERT PAYNE's** 17
available book mss. (*Who Will
Die for Me?* page 98, comes from

(Continued on page 144)

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Gjon Mili shot this photograph of some of '47's contributor-owners at a meeting in his cavernous New York studio. Members of the new Executive Editorial Board (at the table) are presenting ideas that produced this issue.

China Awake, which Dodd, Mead will publish), apparently feeling that to publish all 17 this year might establish a record but would involve too much Payne. Our other Robert, **ROBERT SMITH**, whose *Sore Loser*, page 38, is pre-printed from *Baseball* (Simon and Schuster), has written two novels but is constantly receiving queries about a survey of China, which he didn't write. He has no idea why this happens.



"JOHN LARDNER?" said the man in the bathing suit, "He's one of the best darn war reporters I know."

"Yes," said the man in the dinner jacket, toying with his vermouth cassis, "but he's best as a sports writer. Knows everything there is to know about baseball."

"I think you are both a little confused," said the girl in the flesh-pink tights, "John Lardner is Ring Lardner's son. He does drama criticism for the *New Yorker*."

And even though *The Lure of the Game . . . At Present Prices* (page 93) is only about sports, all three happen to be right. The one problem is, how did such oddly dressed people get together?



In more senses than one **JOHN GUNTHER's** an insider. For one thing, he is a contributor-owner of '47. For another, he has probably achieved greater

success by combining the single word "inside" with a lot of other words than have all the sideshow barkers in America—*Inside Asia*, *Inside Europe*, *Inside Latin America*, and, latest of all, *Inside U.S.A.* Since he is only 46 years old, his autobiography, fated to be entitled *Inside John Gunther*, will not be along for some time. Meanwhile, you'll find *The 64 Who Run America* inside '47 (page 59).

Out on the far end of that outermost limb you will find '47's Art Director, Richard Salmon, calling **ROBERT OSBORN** "the most im-



aginative and satirical cartoonist alive." As soon as they've seen the work of this frabjous satirist, there may be others crawling out to join Mr. Salmon. *Pour le Sport* (page 78) is the first of a series promised for '47's pages.



CHICKEN HAWK, by R. Osborn (See page 78)

OCTOBER PREVIEW: Scheduled for the next issue of the new '47 are articles by J. B. Priestley . . . Thornton Wilder . . . Carlo Levi . . . Robert C. Ruark . . . Ilka Chase . . . and the late Gertrude Stein. Fiction by Martha Gellhorn . . . Sean O'Faolain . . . Ann Petry. Photographs and paintings in full color . . . cartoons by Abner Dean . . . and many other important features. Look for it on your newsstand during the last week of September.

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FOOTBALL—*Etched in Color* . . Photographs by Hy Peskin
And FOOTBALL—*Etched in Acid* . . by John Lardner
(see page 89)

47 *the Magazine of the Year*